

CAVALCADE

AUGUST, 1952

1/6

WEDDING HABITS
CAN BE WEIRD

— page 12



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Cavalcade

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THE LADY HAD CLAWS

We agree girls are dangerous but some have the non-taming ways of the wild



ONE day just after the official end of World War II, a man whom I shall call John Douglas came out of Yugoslavia. He was a very impudent man indeed—just how impudent we could not be told at that time. When, very much later, Marshal Tito set his face against the Soviets, we knew that this was part of the work of John Douglas. But by then we could no longer shake his hand.

I saw him that morning, and I got the usual run-of-the-mill story—ad that could be published at that time. It was a good story, with a wealth of detail—grisly roads along the Balkan crest, bloody little battles between our Diggers and the German Nazis on Pota, Spil and Barica. About the rest he was evasive, but he was a very tired man, and he had

had quite a few drinks. "The rest of it will come down Downing Street or Washington, old man," he told me as I was leaving. "Third world war stuff—or the equivalent. I've got a lot of business to do up here, and then I go straight through to London."

The interview took place in the Albergo Imperiale in Rari. Twenty-four hours later, in a room in a smaller hotel just off the Via Cesare in the middle of that grisly Adriatic city, the body of John Douglas was found. The cause of death was multiple stab wounds in the neck and chest.

Nothing was ever discovered about the family. Nothing was ever known for certain. If Douglas's name is remembered now, he is put down as a war casualty—perhaps the last of

World War II, which he helped to fight in Yugoslavia, perhaps the first of World War III, which he had driven so hard to destruction.

But in New Zealand a couple of months ago I met a former member of that bunch of Balkan pirates known as Lord Fenton's Adriatic who had also been a good friend of John Douglas. We got to talking about the murder, and I told him of the interview. He corrected me about a long while before replying. Then he relished his decision and spoke:

"A good story, wasn't it? I mean—easy to the chase and all that. John deserved it. He was a great man."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Only that his troubles weren't all political. You see, there was a girl in Rari. She was a Yugoslav—been in the fighting as a partisan—ever-asset married. She was her boy's—previous creature as a curvaceous kind of way, all the time. Durch, you know—no feeling about the old question. She and John were like that for a long time. John had 'had it' before that night, all right."

"You don't mean she—?"

He nodded slightly pained. "I don't know, old boy—but that night John was young—unversed into a woman's ways. You see, he had a conscience, and he proposed to tell her the show was over—but he was going home to his wife and kids. Personally, I would have done it by phone, or, better still, by cable. You just don't make changes with women like that!"

This is perhaps a roundabout way of introducing the subject—that Balkan or Mediterranean women, particularly those accustomed to violence and bloodshed, are a little different from Australian, New Zealand, or English girls.

Merely they feel the same as appear-

private down, but when they believe a man should be taught a lesson they often have the means at hand. "The fury of a woman scorned" is likely to have permanent results. If she has a lethal weapon and the necessary training to use it.

Take the case of Lulu, now. She comes from an upper-class Athenian family. She speaks about her language exclusively the Macedonian, and she was stuck as nicely as any French model. When the Greek Civil War blew up in our doors in December, 1944, she volunteered with others of her set for patriotic duties. Her share turned out to be the daily translation of about 20 amortized newspapers from Greek into English for the intelligence of the besieged group of Allied war correspondents.

And we were besieged, right enough. Allied Affairs decided to a single city block, surrounded by barbed wire and under continuous snarling and artillery fire. The situation was completely crazy. The city telephone system, staffed by Communist operators, still worked. Citizens passed to and fro through the lines. Lulu developed the habit of leaving the Hotel Grande Bretagne, where we were all detained, every few days, and walking through to her house in the Communist-occupied zone to take food to her parents.

One night when she was away the intelligence people decided to raffish the guards at the barricades. It seemed that a great many people, mostly women, had been drifting through the lines with news and ammunition suspended under their clothing. Quite a number of women appeared to be harboring Communists—hospitals, for obvious reasons—and at the same time the Communist fire coming from that part of the city was reducing. A snap search disclosed that most "havers" were of the non-

bouncing bird, made up of hand grenades, small weapons and belts of machine gun ammunition.

Enter Lorna, as her way took. She came up to the barricade in the usual curtain way—hands raised to shoulder height. The enemy was a new man, a Private Atwood, from Kent.

"Identification, man?" he asked.

She hesitated for the click, then realized it was still at the hair. It wasn't a bright thing to carry into enemy territory evidence that you worked for the British. She explained that to him. He shrugged.

"Orders is orders, Miss. Before you passes through that there wire, I have to search you."

Lorna could tell all Botany Bay and Bond Street when she stood, and now she gave the man the full treatment. "But, my good fellow, when on earth do you expect to find? And where, say I ask?"

To Private Atwood that was a fair question. "Well, you see, Miss, there's women, *etc.* through 'em all the time. And they carry credits, credits, credits—jewels—could be there, could be there!"

To do Private Atwood justice, he rarely passed with his rifle. The officer was standing. Suddenly the glamour less before him turned into a ravishing dress. Whipping a knife from her skirt she flew at him. When the rest of the patrol finally pounced her, Atwood was bleeding from a long gash in his upper arm, and two other men had repudiated wounds.

When the duty officer interviewed her, Lorna was still quivering with anger. By that time we had heard about the rifle, and her identity was well established. The duty officer sat back and regarded her kindly, having apparently straightened his tie and adjusted his Eighth Army mustache.

"And now, why did you do such a thing? Surely it was obvious there

had been some *misunderstanding*!"

She shook her dark locks and stamped her feet. "Mischief-standing! The dog barked and God knew no man can stop me—just one place I could hide, see! Little Hills bomb!"

After waving her away the duty officer turned to where the snare stood stillly. "Private Atwood," he said wearily. "You've got no chance to live. He shrugged.

And then, in time, there was Ardo. She was a tall, rangy lass with blonde hair that was inclined to be a bit darker at the roots. Well, the Germans had been in Bora for a long time, and they rather went for British types. A good sort, Ardo—you know, kindly. She and her red friends used to drop into a little coffee-riesa shop up near Santa Maria Magdalena where the boys had a habit of gathering every morning.

An order was issued to the effect that no arms were to be carried in the day by Allied troops. It seemed a pretty silly order, for there were many cases of isolated snipers, usually others, being hunted and killed after dark. Most of us who had been up to the transportation city had some machinegun weapon.

"How about you girls?" somebody asked. "Don't you ever stick to trouble in this neighborhood?"

Ardo shook her head. "No trouble."

The questioner pursued the matter. "I don't suppose you'd carry much money, anyway."

Ardo gazed in the direction of her stockings, produced a roll of dollars and British occupation lire which would have cleaned an American P.X. "We do not trust banks, and we do not leave money in our rooms," she said. "But we are not worried by the gauge, are we girls?"

We listened to the negative chorus, and frankly we didn't believe it. Somebody said so. Ardo shrugged.

remained in her large red handbag.

The gun she tossed on to the table was the webbed-grip class-quarter weapon I have ever seen. It was basically an American Army Colt M automatic, fully loaded and with the safety catch applied. But somebody had run away the trigger guard, bristled the trigger down, and it was merely a small lever, and then wired it back to the internal mechanism of the gun. The one red star on the parts showed signs of similar partial disassembly.

The effect was to convert the Colt from a semi-automatic weapon, which fired one shot and reloaded every time the trigger was pressed, to a rifle-

like sub-machine gun. All Ardo had to do on being selected by a holding-up gang was to point the Colt in the general direction of her tormentors, push off the safety catch with her thumb, and hold on while more 12-gauge copper-jacketed slugs spewed down.

All of which goes to show that, in the Mediterranean area at least, the female of the species is apt to be more deadly than the male. Maybe Mussolini planned a bit in advance to emphasize on his women power. A couple of divisions of American troops in Africa would have certainly made the desert miles more interesting.





Hassell was a brash Miss sergeant, but he started a one-man reign of terror, killed ten thousand men and turned Morocco into hell.

error in the adla

EARLY in the evening of May 8, 1951, Said en Khala, a French military telegraphist, returned to his lonely bungalow on Rue Houari, in the Sidi el Oulad district of the Tafila, in French Morocco, after a long patrol. He was weary.

His servant, the dark mulattoes Ali Ahmed Hassell, came to the door of the bungalow.

"Pardon," he said. "You have been away a long time, Madam."

"Terror," answered Said en Khala. "The road is difficult, and one travels a few miles in many hours."

He gave his radio to Hassell, and

unloaded his rifle from his shoulders. "Clean this," he said, and handed the weapon to the servant.

At that moment the servant became a monster. As Khala turned to enter the bungalow, Hassell took quick, deliberate aim, and shot him dead.

He began one of the most extraordinary reigns of terror ever created in a large district by one man. It was to shake French Morocco to its foundations, bring a noted French General on to the scene, and to be ended by the efforts of ten thousand men.

There was a reason for the first

killings. Hassell had become the paramour of Khala's wife, the beautiful Ima Ahmed, and craved by the thought of the return of her husband, the lover determined to kill his employer, and take Ima away with him.

The murderer of the Tafila then became obsessed with the conviction that God had given him the dead man's gun for the purpose of killing any European he could find.

The French authorities, on discovering the first crime and finding the road well used, then arrested the wife, Ima, who had by this time been abandoned by her lover in favor of his master Hassan. They also detained a former mistress of Hassell's, named Ida Hammam. The women were questioned together, in the hope that mutual confessions might uncover information, but whatever they thought of each other, they steadfastly denied all knowledge of the murderer's whereabouts.

Hassell, rising alarm, had by this time disappeared into the wild and treacherous district between Sidi el Oulad and Almara. The area was an ideal hideout for an escaped, and Hassell knew that as long as he had ammunition and food he could outlast large parties of pursuers.

On May 14, the whole of French Morocco was horrified by news of the violent deaths of four people, all of whom had fallen to the deadly accuracy aims of the murderer.

The first two were M. Andre Saivien and his partner, Mademoiselle Sophie Scovignan, who were unwilling in a car from Almara to Sidi el Oulad. They had been held up by a road block of large stones. Getting out of the car to investigate the road block, Scovignan had been shot dead from ambush. The elderly Mademoiselle Saivignan, whose body lay across the door of the car, had also been wounded while trying to escape

from the vehicle of sudden death. Later on the same day the death roll was added to when the bullet-ridden bodies of M. Pierre du Bong and Mme. Helene Miette were found lying by their motor cycles a few kilometers further along the same road.

Within 24 hours, the French Moroccan Government had organized large search parties. They also proclaimed a state of emergency throughout the Tafila district. The pressence was seen. On May 16, M. Henri Gouet and his wife Mme. Anne Gouet were also stopped while driving along the road used by a similar road block. Both were seriously wounded and left for dead by the gunmen.

As soon as he had recovered sufficiently to talk, Gouet told police that he had offered the bullet all his money and valuables in return for their safety.

"But," said Gouet starkly, "he just kept running at us, without expression. Then he shot us."

This outrage caused a storm in Casablanca. Within a few hours the Government had organized 30,000 soldiers, police and civilians, as search parties for the criminal.

Ima and Ahmed and Ida Hammam, who had been held as hostages, were again put through the third degree, but again refused to talk.

A state of siege was now proclaimed throughout the district between Sidi el Oulad and Almara, and every available vehicle was pressed into service to search parties into the area. Hammam was, by Gouet's description, established beyond doubt as the killer, and searchers had orders to shoot him on sight.

Without any delay due to the whereabouts of any killer, the searchers had to start on a cold trail. Meanwhile, Hammam had virtually a free hand, and used it to make good.

OUR Animal Friends No. 1

Albert Allbright, of Spokane (U.S.)—finding himself pursued by pigeons—futilely stalked over to his roof. Mr. Allbright is no longer pursued by pigeons . . . BUT he has been avoided by an army of his own. And—to cap everything—a ten-ton burglar alarm installed in a St. Louis (U.S.) chicken store successfully scared off the burglar, but it killed all the chickens.

called out, offering the attacker money and jewellery if he would spare their lives. Hanafi appeared to consider this offer, and Chantel came from his hiding place and walked towards the mercenary, undaunted, to reason with him.

As Chantel approached, the bandit lifted his rifle and shot him dead. The two terrified women immediately began running and scrambling up the steep sides of the gorges. Hanafi killed Mme. Creuguet with a single准确的 shot. Madame Chantel successfully escaped his further bullets and finally surrendered to authorities.

The change of Mme. Chantel on Mar. 13 split the doom of Hanafi, and compensated the last chapter of the lone-diamond-tragedy. The searchers now knew where the murderer was to be found, and it was only a matter of time before they caught up with him. The whole of the *Sainte-Croix* district was now under martial law. Traffic was allowed to proceed only in one way, and Hanafi should risk further attacks on long motorways, or the loss of enveloping his dwelling suspicion.

General Jules Bonnaud arrived to supervise the affair, and the crew of 10,000 men were set the unenviable task of combing the hundreds of rocky clefts and gorges of the barren district, one of which could have proved death traps when covered by a return of Hanafi's silence.

Hanafi remained at liberty for another seven days and nights. During that time, the authorities finally located his aged mother, whom they questioned.

"You now know who this morning. We know it. Where is he?"

"I have not seen my son."

"You did see him. He was here yesterday and this morning."

"If he had come here, he would have come to see me."

After a couple of minutes, Chantel

"Why are you lying? We know you're hiding your son."

"I have not seen my son for years and years."

"Don't lie. Where is your son?"

And so on. But the questioners gleaned no information from the aged woman.

The position was desperate. The whole French population demanded an end to the affair, and the Government announced a reward of one million francs for the capture of Hanafi—dead or alive. The searchers redoubled their efforts.

On Mar. 23, 1954, a stranger walked into a small Moorish house in the village of Tadla. It was evening, and the household, together with three Moorish volunteers, were beginning the evening meal. The stranger stood at the door, and said: "I am your brother. Will you give me food?"

The host, in the hospitable way of peasant Moors, asked him to take his place on the floor, and the other, uninviting guests, took seats down near the door. As he did so, his "brother" slipped back, revealing the man, carrying barrel of a rifle.

The volunteers exchanged glances, and ate of their supper.

"Why are you armed?"

"I have been shooting deer."

"There is no need to be armed in this house. We will not eat with armed men."

"The rifle is not loaded."

"We will not eat with an armed man. Put your rifle in the corner, then you can eat with us."

With a gesture of resignation, the stranger ate, and took the rifle to a corner of the room.

He turned. "Now . . ." he began. Then the volunteers fell upon him. The heat of St. Alfred Hanafi was over.

Next day, headlines flared across the dailies of Morocco, announcing the capture. The European population began to breathe freely again. Their relief at the ending of the unbroken tragedy was expressed in the words of *"Le Petit Marocain,"* which said: "The tremendous feeling of tension throughout the community was quite understandable, in view of the frightful nervousness which families have been plagued by a man who has driven everyone in French Morocco to the end of their nerves resources."

So ended the tragedy of the Tadla. To the very end the murderer made no explanation of his madness, though he professed freely. With St. Alfred Hanafi's finishes, his answer to every question was the one phrase: "It was God's will."



WEDDING HABITS can be WEIRD

Around the world nothing is as bizarre, exotic and downright funny as the various customs when a man takes a wife.

witnessed by English anthropologist Edwin Goss, a Mandingo girl kicked, bit and clawed with such ferocity that three of the groom's companions had to help subdue her.

To a stranger, such a scene isn't likely to convey the impression that the girl is in the process of settling down to married life with the rest of her clan. But a Mandingo bride believes that the harder she struggles to retain her liberty, the more vicious her husband will think she is.

A similar theory is held by girls in some regions along the coast of Greenland. There, too, a wedding



night is a knock-down-and-drag-out affair.

When a Greenland youth decides to marry one of these girls, it's customary for him to go to the maiden's hut and drag her, kicking and screaming, to his own abode.

If the girl manages to escape and return back to her father's hut, the "marriage" is void. Since both she and her parents usually arrive before-hand at the婚家, this seldom happens, however.

The same will not be a good night to show how virtuous she is, but if she finds she's wronged she'll quickly revenge.

Such battle-royale stories as they seem, are really compared to what happens to some other men on their wedding nights.

In some communities, girls are considered to be the property of their brothers or of the community itself. When one girl married, therefore, she must pay a tribute to her father, or to her community.

This sort of thing exists among the Australian aborigines and was common even among the civilized people of the Iberian Isles, near Spain, until fairly recent times.

When a marriage took place on Pomerania or Galicia, for example, the community would build up to a frenzied orgy of drinking and dancing. Then the bride would be carried off and held a maid captive by the married women of the community, while the bride is installed to see her until dawn.

According to the Indian writer, Paul Marignac, the custom probably originated back in Babylon, where a girl was offered to the priests of the Temple of Venus before she was deemed fit to become a bride. The jin-priest custom, or Right of the First Night, as practiced in Scotland, was another offspring of this

same custom. Under the "Right" the manager of an estate could compel any man on his land who was over 18 to marry some girl who was 14 or more. The manager could even pick the girl if he wanted to.

The "lucky" groom then had to leave the manager and the manager's wife to the wedding. After the ceremony the manager had the right to spend the first night with the bride.

At one time, went we, however, the need for money gradually overcame the need for chaste maidens, especially with bairns who were getting on in years. They began allowing grooms and fathers to "buy" a girl's virginity for a few coins, or for a "share the use of the master's bedchamber." Eventually even this practice disappeared.

In certain Transylvanian districts, the bride's price was later reduced to that of simply lying beside the couple on the wedding night. Finally even this customarily was done away with and it became customary to briefly stick a royal bit under the bed covers, thus force the couple thiebably to themselves.

At old-time weddings in France, after the feasting and drinking, all the married men mounted the couple to the bridal chamber and passionately put them to bed. In some cases the company danced around the room while the newly-weds sat up in bed and watched them. They would then be left to pass for two hours, when the whole company would return and spend the rest of the night gorged around the bed and drinking the pair's health in good red wine.

Among tribes on the Malabar coast of India in the 17th century, the bridegroom of high caste needed a lot of padding. His bride was selected for him in boyhood and the marriage ceremony performed three times—

IN Divorce: A news flash reports that a native of St. Paul (U.S.) has been granted a divorce "because her husband trained the family dog to bite her." A lawyer of Dallas (also of U.S.) was allowed to sever matrimonial relations when "his wife continually put responses on his gravy." But our heart really goes out to a California undertaker, whose plaint was that "the grave assured that he slept each night in his house."

case when the couple were literally, literally, when they were about eight years of age, and literally, when they reached puberty.

The final ceremony was a long and tiresome affair. After it was carried out in the temple, everyone repaired to the bridegroom's house for 12 days of feasting and celebration.

The newly-married couple sat on a raised throne, doored out in the richest silks and the proudest splendor of their families. Each night the bride was taken back to her home by women appointed to guard her.

At the end of 12 days, the couple were mounted on an elephant and paraded around the neighborhood to the homes of all their relatives, who presented them with dowries and threw seeds on the elephant.

Then all gurus went to the temple for a final blessing by the priests. Only then, at the bride's house, was the union at last consummated.

When the explorers-whether, W. J.

Hindoo, visited the Andaman Islands in British India he observed a wedding night custom which while not so erotic or severe, was more the less bizarre.

The ceremony takes place at night. A large fire is kindled and a raven must spread before it. Then the marriage vows are spoken and the bride and groom run off in opposite directions in haste.

A few minutes later tribesmen track down the bride and drag her back to the fire, where she is thrown upon the nest. The groom is next brought in and thrown across the girl. He must spend an hour or so in this position, weeping and sobbing. He is permitted to embrace his bride to a certain degree—but it is only after this scene has been repeated three times in a row that he is allowed to consummate the marriage.

Obviously such nights are a test of will power, to find out how much temptation the groom can stand. If he shows signs of weakening, the marriage then are ended then and there.

The ceremony of wedding bonds, incidentally, symbolizes to most persons the way to get out of a marriage. With the Kereyak Eskimos, however, it's the way to get into one.

If a Kereyak groom enters the bridal chamber and finds his bride undressed, he won't go near her. If reason she is too "easy" and not the kind of girl who'll make a faithful wife.

Consequently, after Kereyak marital vows are taken, the bride's female friends tie her in a straight-jacket type of suit with long sleeves and legs, the ends of which are tightly bound with tough cords. A giddy part of the wedding night is taken up with the groom's efforts to untie

these cords. It's work, but it leaves him satisfied that she's hard to get.

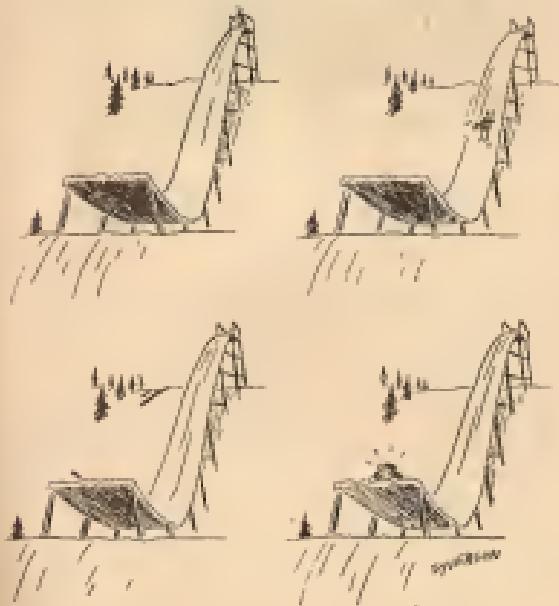
Near the opposite pole of the world are the Fuegians. A Fuegian groom can't keep from his bride on the wedding night by either wall-murals or wallpaper. He is, however, dragged off his ceremonial couch in the early dawn hours by "buddies" who too keep up the old Antarctic winter.

After a night of tree, a bath in the River of Magellan is best followed by a few shots of peccadillo.

—which, unfortunately, is rare in Tierra del Fuego. That's why many a Fuegian has developed gonorrhoea and died soon after his wedding night.

This supposedly proves he wasn't much of a man anyway, and the girl is lucky to find out in time. If he doesn't die, he's considered tough enough to survive just about anything—even marriage.

All of which shows that some of these weird wedding nights do have practical reasons behind them, after all.





TO LOVE AND TO LOSE

Of all the wicked women, who upon mere malice have worked
their wills, few can match the fake German Princess.

ALL those who breed Mary Modern always feel, not only the body, but also all valuables which might be lying about.

Many lived in the Seventeenth Century; and she died in it too—swinging at Tyburn.

Many had many other names as well as her own—Stedman, Crichton, von Volberg and so on. But the name by which she was famous was "The German Princess."

Whether Mary had ever been in

high society in Germany is doubtful, although she did get about.

She was wised—and often temperishly won—by scores of men of all grades of the Society of the day.

She tried a flatter in marriage first—just for the experiment. She picked on a dunderhead named Stedman, but he could not provide nearly enough cash for Mary.

A scamp had more money than the dunderhead, so he deserted the number of scamps for the number of bachelors. She and the scamps blithed

on to Paris, and Mary, who disregarded such trifles as the love of beauty, married the scamps there.

The dunderhead took exception to the scamps and Mary was arrested. But she exercised her charm on the court and was acquitted.

Not being the way her own country had raised her, she skipped across to Holland, but did not prosper as she thought she should, so moved into Germany. She found a nice niche in a Cologne "House of entertainment." At last Mary began to live in the luxurious style she craved.

She had the tastes of an old-time princess, but as far as she had not become one. And, up to then, she had given value for payment received. Yet she still wasn't satisfied, and kept her eye set for bigger game.

It came in the shape of one of her dunder, an extremely wealthy old rose, who fell hard for her and proposed marriage.

There was a big chance. But when she left, Mary could not resist taking the hoards of her husband. Then, added to the money given her by the old boy to prepare for the wedding, gave her enough money to decide not to be tied to him at all. She went off alone on a tour through Utrecht, Amsterdam, Rotterdam to England again.

It was nice to be home in good old Billingsgate and she strolled into the Exchange Tavern for a meal. It was a high-class place—overlooking with money in the persons of young dunderheads. Mary saw opportunity knocking.

But as she was unaccompanied, the dunderheads thought her a woman of loose character. Mary cried at the very idea and told them touchily how horrid they were to insult a lady whose father was Henry von Volberg, a Prince of the German Empire.

She explained her solo appearance

by saying she had fled the royal home because her father was trying to force her to marry the wrong man.

The bairn and the tale exploded the dunderheads' pocketbooks. The newly-created "German Princess" decided that the Exchange Tavern, kept by a man named King, was a promising field. She moved in.

King had a brother-in-law, John Crichton, who fell for Mary. He pleaded with her to marry him. After a show of mutually indecision, Mary eventually agreed.

She became a bimbolet again. As the "wife" of Crichton, she thought she would have a better opportunity of finding out where he hid his nest-eggs.

Then came many other, who had been left behind, got in some dirt work with an anonymous letter to King. It said Mary was not a German princess, and was already married.

This scared Mary's second appearance in the dock. However, records were not very faithfully kept in those days. Although she was charged with bigamy again, no mention was made of the marriage. Of course, Mary forgot to mention him, too.

It was claimed she was married to a man named Stedman (the dunderhead). However, he was not produced as a witness.

Mary thereupon accused her "husband" (Crichton) and "father-in-law" of fabricating the proceedings because she would not make over her "house" to them. She swore she was a fastidious and abiding where was the marriage license of her coupling with Stedman.

She turned her charm on the judges, who directed the jury that there was nothing but beauty against her, and that there was no legal proof that she was Mrs. Stedman who had borne two children. They pointed out only that if found guilty she

CRUSADERS Continued. In Ruth England, Dr. Charles Murch, president of the Western Temperance League, is reported to have started a campaign to try to England's Wise-Don't-Intervene Committee. Dr. Murch, "I can't see why dentists or these dentists should be constantly drinking large quantities of hard liquor, which should remember that these dentists could just as well slate their time on milk, tea, coffee and fruit-juice."

would be sentenced to death. Mary cast her appealing eyes on the jury, and she was acquitted.

With another story about an uncle who had given her a few thousand pounds to see the world, she got free board and lodging from a kindly who thought she "could get some of the thousands" by marrying the execrable son of her nephew.

Mary shacked up her sleeve and worked another hole plain. At the right time she was gracefully intercepting the nephew when a porter brought her a letter, saying her brother had died and left her a fortune. It added that her father, wallowing a glow of this, was on his way from Germany with a man he would make her marry.

She needed somewhere to hide. The nephew obligingly offered the use of his home, and she graciously accepted. Again she left in the dark, early hours with a virginal money.

Mary Moller may have been the initiator of the better part. She

secretly practised it on a young and rich lawyer. She called the lawyer to her lodgings to discuss wages and means of getting her "brother" safely away from her "speedy death husband." Then she heard the "husband" coming and bundled the lawyer into a wardrobe.

The "husband" opened the wardrobe, discarding the gouty-looking manhood. He blew off property, saying he was a very poor man, but would content himself for a mere hundred pounds. He got it.

Having had just mix Mary's blood. She lied the extravagance of a mugger. When she saw something she liked, she took it. She was a very nice silver tankard in a Crown Garden bureau and that went off, so did Mary. But her clever maid had been slipping a bit, for the very front her pride, she was sentenced to transportation for life.

So Mary was on the move again. Her friends took her on a circuit trip to Jamaica. She didn't like Jamaica, but there were men there, and where there were men there was money. She soon had her fare back to England.

She had a new name, and she was now an "itinerant." This mixture of charm with licentious never failed to get the male in. She was doing all right, too, until fate played a dirty trick on her.

A house of Southwark was robbed of £200—but not by Mary as she did not know him, that being the only reason she did not rob him. However, he kicked up such a fuss that the law made a search of every doubtful house in the district.

One of the searchers—Lawrence, the keeper of the Marshalsea Prison—proposed to use "The German Princess" in one of the houses, and the last time he had seen her was in his keeping in the prison.

He took her along to the Marshal-

sea. Then she made her final appearance at the Old Bailey, in 1862.

Mary put up a good fight. It was a legal offence to return to England after being transported for life. She tried every trick, but she could not get round the fact that here she was—in a place where she shouldn't be. She even told them she was pregnant, but an examination proved that was another of her ruses. After she was sentenced to death—and this time the sentence was not changed.

They put her rough-ribbed ankles

in shackles, but she made light of them. A character of the time said that on the day of her burning off she was "joy and brash."

She passed a picture of "husband" Carlson to her slaves, so that he could hang with her, and she bowed regularly from the cart. Outside the St. Sepulchre's Church, she called a halt and delivered a spirited oration. She was "brave, dignified and charming." It is recorded as she took her leap into the unknown.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



GLUYAS WILLIAMS WANTS TO GET
HOME, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO PAY A PENNY.
MEN, YOUR WIFE HAVING SENT YOU BACK FOR THE
BILLS; GET LEFT ON THE COUCHES, AND TRY TO MAKE OFF
WITH A PINT; BUT YOU JUST FIND OUT OF THE ACCORD CUTTER.



WHITE king of the RED men

JOHN ADAM

How a young French lawyer made a bloodless conquest of a proud and indomitable race of South American Indians.

WHEN the dynamic young French lawyer, Charles Antoine Travers, landed in South America in 1850, he approached kingship from a new angle.

He rarely announced that he was the mysterious "haughty white man" referred to in ancient Peruvian legends who would return the Indians empire to its former greatness. Sometimes a long-shot pay off with Travers it did.

He gambled and won as far as the Indians were concerned; within three years he had established himself as King Charles I of the Araucanians and Patagonians.

Charles Antoine Travers was born at La Chaux, near Berne, on May 11, 1822. His French middle-class

parents persuaded him to study law. But the young lawyer preferred adventure before advocacy, and at 20 threw up his career, and sailed for South America.

On the trip over he completed his originally fantastic plan. Ever since the South American nations had thrown off the Spanish yoke, the newly-formed countries had lived in spite of war, Indians still made white men's lives very insecure.

The most feared were the Araucanians whose stronghold was among the Southern Andes.

The audacious Travers proposed to unite these turbulent tribes into one vast kingdom called "New France."

First step in the foundation of the new empire was the dispatch to the

interior of a half-caste Indian who could speak Araucanian, with a message that the "white deliverer" from overseas had arrived. In due time the messenger arrived back with encouraging news.

Meanwhile, the future king was as sure of the ultimate success of his mission that he had prepared a kind of French Magna Charta, and talked two of his countrymen, Laubane and Desfontaines, into joining him.

It is not known whether any money changed hands, but Laubane was offered the post of Foreign Secretary in the new kingdom and Desfontaines the important post of Chief of Justice.

Travers' first interpretation should be advised that the chief first contacted, Chief Magall, that he was about to arrive.

Magall's grandfather had died, but his son, Quilapen, had been elected in his place and his reception was favorable. With strict formality, Travers wrote to the President of Chile informing him that he was "by the grace of God" king of Araucanians and Patagonians.

The newly-made monarch of the Araucanians did not rest on his laurels; he immediately proclaimed his Magna Charta.

Indian messengers were sent in every direction to advise tribes that the White Liberator had arrived, and from every direction news came back that the chiefs and their tribes were willing to submit to the new ruler.

To consolidate his position as far as the governments of Chile and the Argentina were concerned, Travers wrote to friends in France asking them to seek official French recognition of his new kingdom.

King Charles Antoine I sent copies of royal proclamations to different Chilean newspapers. But the South American press ridiculed him and the politicians repudiated him. Worse

than that, "in belle France" rebuffed him.

Desfontaines but not disillusioned, the white king set out to bring Chile to heel and took Flanier to assist him. Foreign Secretary Laubane and Chief of Justice Desfontaines, through having their share of ambition, took the high-voltage type which dismasted their monarch. When he privately threatened not his warlike intentions, they resigned.

Probably the low state of the royal coffers had something to do with this because when the king engaged a fox-looking half-caste Indian—a certain Basilio—to act as guide and assistant, he had to give him an L.O.U. for \$10 Chilean pesos at down payment on his salary.

Meanwhile, the king delivered a high-powered, Hitler-like harangue to chiefs on his council and within a few days Indian hostiles began to arrive.

Soon he had 30,000 warriors assembled. In deadly silence they listened to their king's speech in which he promised to make them a prosperous and powerful nation.

It went over like Tribes from all over South America joined his sort of "United Tribes Organization."

During the king's triumphal tour of his domain, he had discovered several trouble. His brother, Basilio, thought something substantial enough for his take-home was pay 100 U.S. The king, intent of state affairs, merely raised the value of the L.O.U.s to two thousand Chilean pesos.

Backed by his army, he intended to force the Chilean government to sign a peace treaty, at the same time recognizing him as king of Araucanians and Patagonians; unfortunately, he didn't know that his enemies had offered a price of 20 gold pieces to anyone who captured him.

Travers' henchman Basilio was

THE INDEPENDENCE OF SEX (II)

We called 'em dabs, we called 'em dolls, we called 'em Flappers,
gibbons;
we called 'em clowns, called 'em cuties, and pretty little pipers,
we called 'em vixens, vixenches, too, and often openly moggies
Dolls . . . by some slyly alchemy . . . were sometimes turned to
peppermint;
we called 'em strutters, called 'em belles, called 'em Dear-Little-
Things;
we even called 'em "My Old Dutch" . . . Ah, how the "willies"
rang
with echoes of our industry to con the living sense
to woe . . . Yet what the hell? . . . They most jolt the same!

— JAY-PAT

better informed than his royal master on this score and he earnestly arranged for Orelli's capture by the Chilean police on January 26, 1932.

During his trial as a military prison, the prisoner managed to send two letters one to the French consul and one to the French Chambre d'Affaires in Santiago. In both letters he maintained the legitimacy of his claim to the Amazonian and Patagonian thrones.

The trial dragged on for weeks and weeks and finally reduced the captured king to a skeleton.

He was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, but the French authorities finally wrangled a medical examination; he was declared insane and returned to France as a French warship in 1932.

For the next six years in Paris he did a great deal of journalistic work. Again and again he wrote along

for support in return and re-establish the "Nouvelle France" of his dreams. Eventually his personal representatives here tried, and the French warship, D'Intercasteaux, landed him on the Patagonian coast in 1939.

The news of their king's return spread like wildfire through the Indian territory and a general uprising was planned. After experiments had taught the Chilean military leaders that something more subtle than military skill was required to defeat the indomitable Amazonians this time.

The route was simple and straightforward: Indian chiefs along the Chilean border were invited to a series of "meetings"—a very hasty type of public meeting.

Meanwhile during the absence of the chiefs and warriors, detachments of Chilean troops made incursions into the Indian territory, burning down huts and tents, and destroying

detachments and bewildered natives.

The Chileans were desperate because the French warship which had returned the whole king remained at anchor off the coast. It was rumoured that the ship carried arms for the Indians.

Meanwhile the Chileans had strengthened their military garrisons and it was impossible for Orelli to reach the warship. Without firearms it was helpless to attack the Chileans so he decided to return to France.

Relays of Indian chiefs escorted their king to the coast and, after a short stay in Buenos Aires, he travelled to Paris—to attend another propaganda blitzkreig.

The American stocks of South America tipped him to a Baron Münchhausen Mission, but when it became known that a London banker—a certain Jacob Michaels—was backing the scheme—the French press suddenly supported the exiled King of Amazonia and Patagonia.

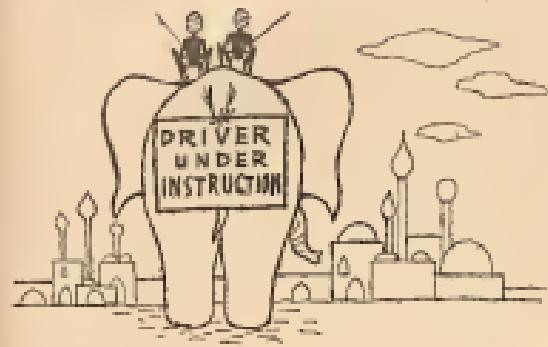
Things got into top gear. Banker Jacob Michaels sold bonds like bacon; two ships were chartered.

Orelli was so sure that his dried expedition would succeed that he had several copper coins struck bearing an Amazonian and Patagonian coat of arms.

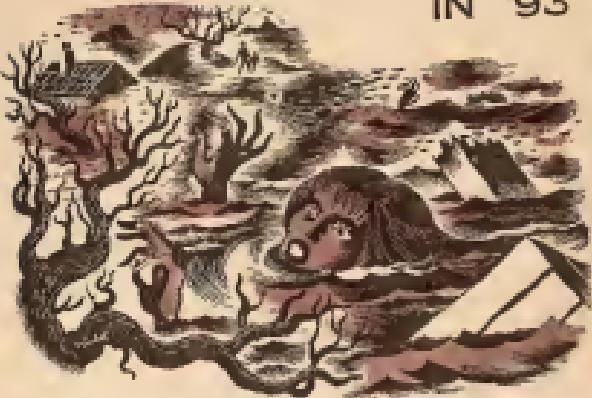
The news caused a diplomatic catastrophe in Chile; the French and British governments were asked to intervene and diplomatic pressure led to the dissolution of the king-keeper organization.

Dismayed, but still insisting that he was the king of Amazonia and Patagonia, Orelli returned to his native province to complete his mission. Broken hearted, he died in 1952, aged 22.

Shortly after, several French newspapers published a number of appreciative articles on the dead "king," praising him as a patriot who had failed to establish a new France only through the indifference of his countrymen.



FLOODS WERE FLOODS IN '93



ATHOL TIDMAN

This Queensland flood, which devastated a vast area, wiped out half a city and brought death and misery has been called our worst disaster.

FLOODS DROWN TWO-THIRTY HOMES WRECKED

THE evening headlines blared it. "She" plied the Olden Drinker, skipping his newspaper, "I seen fresh that drowned twenty last night." He pushed his glass back across the bar. We all snickered.

"It's the truth," persisted the Old Drinker, "he pointed. Aristocratic-wise to the ceiling . . . "I was in a pub at Brisbane after the floods of '93. Now that was a flood. There was a low scratch around the wall of the bar above our heads where the water had been. A couple of weeks before, the publican had been hanging out the roof and watching

a hundred houses float by." He couldn't see in gazing behind his back . . . which was perhaps just as well . . . and I'd almost forgotten his yarn when I happened to come across some old newspaper . . . dated February, 1893, to be exact.

My eye was stopped by a headline. It was just a single line running across one column, at bottom perhaps a third of an inch high . . . but it was a newspaper as those days.

"Terrible Floods in Queensland," it said. For me personally, the Old Drinker's stock ceased.

As a matter of fact, after I had read the whole story I decided that the Old Drinker would have been

naïve the tenth if he'd said that in his flood 50 or 100 had drowned and 1,000 houses had been washed away.

It started in January, 1893, with steady rain for weeks over the Brisbane watershed—draining, overflowing even that came down the riverbank to the west of the city.

At Ipswich, 30 miles west from Brisbane, the water rose very quickly and steadily. On February 4, housewives began shifting their stock out of water-logged waterhouses.

By next day, falls of 20 inches at 24 houses had been reported. The river at Ipswich was running a bank; the flood began to spread—not only housewives moving their stock, but farmers shifting furnaces, livestock and themselves. Rail traffic to Brisbane was halted as the river burst out of its bed and engulfed the railway embankments.

By Friday, February 6, the city was completely cut off when the water rose over the telegraph wires.

By Monday, the river was up to the Bremer bridge in Ipswich—a clearing of 30 feet. Houses, shops and municipal buildings were submerged or washed away.

Light and heat were cut off when the gasworks went under. Trains were halted at Redbank (near Brisbane) and the passengers left stranded there without much food or water.

Ranunculus persons were thrown together as the first victims of the mounting waters were trapped in trees, on isolated hills and on floating houses.

On Tuesday, news came through from Maryborough, some hundred or so miles to the north. Thirty had been drowned, the main bridge over the river—the Lexington Bridge—had been swept away.

Other reports later confirmed—were that the water at Gympie was 15 feet above normal; and that

Geddes, a town between Ipswich and Brisbane, was completely submerged.

The death toll in Ipswich stood at 12. It was when a man and a woman in a boat, struggling for the safety of higher ground, were whirled on and never seen again.

The Governor of Queensland arrived at Ipswich, trying to get through to Brisbane. He seemed to break the blockade.

At last, the water began to subside by inch, foot by foot, leaving its perfidious prison enthralled down the hills towards the river—timber, clothing, dead animals, household furniture—and other more precious remnants.

On Wednesday, Ipswich was taking stock of what it had lost.

Early in the morning, the Governor left by rail, together with a handful of men, to try to break through to Brisbane. The party got as far as Indooroopilly; but there the bridge was destroyed. The banks had been.

Meanwhile, news was filtering out from Brisbane through Toowong. Reports said that the Victoria Bridge, a massive affair which joined the North side of the city with the South, was washed away. There had been 25 feet of water in Stanley Street, then one of the main shopping areas. Two other railway bridges had been destroyed.

The Governor and his party finally reached Brisbane. The night was worse than they had feared. The suburbs were littered with the wreckage of hundreds of houses.

Official reports began to link up the story on Thursday, February 8.

The pedway bridge at Indooroopilly (Redbank) had gone. On Saturday, wrecks and rubble had piled up against the stones, submerged spaces and H. C. Stanley, Chief Engineer of the Railways, ordered a loaded train onto the bridge, where the suspension

HURRY! Hurry! Hurry, all
around, Hurry! Hurry!
It's later than you think. Ac-
cording to U.S. scientists,
the Hawaiian Islands are
slowly sinking into the ocean
and will eventually be drawn
down beneath the waves. Sun-
takers at Waikiki will there-
fore take due precautions and
keep a weather-eye open.
G.H.B.—Scientific Data and
Hawaii estimate that the
population of Hawaii have only
a mere 40 million years to
prepare for the worst!

police were wedged. He might have
saved his life.

At 6 a.m. on Monday the first span
went quickly by the others. Stanley
and his assistants had stood
warily on the bank, watching the
rushing water. A newspaper reporter
and the Magnetic "seemed to feel the
heat very much. One of the mem-
bers in the work had gone." (A
matter of understatement.)

All day Saturday—and the days
after that—in Hawaiian news squads
had picked up dozens of people from
trees, houses and wreckage floating
in the water.

But the level still rose, eventually
flooding the main central section of
the city.

On Monday morning, the water
spewed, brown and turbulent, like a
phantom John. Houses went floating
by down the river. They crashed
against the Victoria Bridge. The
banked wreckage here grew — a
tangle of gnarled, mucky dead trees,
sooty, broken, rubber, houses.

That Monday the rains lashed

breaking point. The bridge stonewall
and dropped to the river beneath.
Yet—a minor miracle, it can be
seen—on that same Monday even-
ing, the waters started to recede. In
some sections of the town three-
quarters of the houses and business
buildings were gone. One grocer who
had owned 20 houses was left with
four.

But more was to come.

Locals took advantage of the
disruption. They were seen filching
houses and sheep. Police noted that
Volunteers (rough young men who
shot first and asked questions after-
ward) were never far in flight the
rusher.

The bodies of several losers were
added to the growing death list.

Homeless citizens were living and
sleeping in trees, in ruined houses
under stacks of timber.

On Friday, the water was nearly
back to normal. The town looked as
though Nature had anticipated the
atomic bomb . . . broken, wrecked,
blistered with pinkish, stinging to
the feet to salvage what it could.

A cargo steamer and a bulk were
high and dry on the banks of the
River. Curious. They were in good
company—a small gunboat was there
as well.

Railway stations were wrecked,
lines torn up and rolling stock ruined.
Present-day train schedules will
please restrain vulgar belly-laughs at
a newspaper report that at one place
the railway administration rooms were
"in a pitiable plight."

Health authorities were busy dis-
fecting buildings and streets with a
preparation that must have been
gentle, excepted. A man unloading
caulks of fish from a large oil
tank as his dinner. It burned
through the cloth and rolled to the
bottom; but before it had time to
burn the flesh from his bones he had

jumped into the river.

Entomological research is to have
been ruined by body-snatchers.
Trematodes were scattered like
cards over a table. Coffins had been
wheeled out of the ground, and the
remains of their occupants left lying
in the sand in their shattered
shrouds.

Not surprisingly, garbage dispos-
ing started under official supervision,
for weeks after, a strong odiferous
smell bore the wreckage of a city
out to sea.

As for the dead, a full count was
never completed. Whole families had
disappeared. Some were traced months
after, either alive or buried
in a flood-end's grave of ash. Many
more were never seen again.

And that was not final.

On February 16, the water rose to
within 18 feet of the previous level
but little damage was caused on this
occasion. (There was little remaining
to be damaged.) The water once more
returned to its old channels . . . houses
had been saved . . . but only
part.

City authorities announced that they
intended to mark the height of the
flood with tablets, but it is doubtful
whether the process was ever ful-
filled . . . which is a pity, because
the "Honolulu Morning Herald" pre-
dictively said:

"People will begin to argue
about the height of the 1950 flood,
then they will begin to forget; and,
as you go by, a new generation
will arise which will simply
regard it as a silly tale of their
fathers."

But if the politicians forgot too soon,
one who was not a politician did their
job for them. A policeman who had
his head in high gear had smacked
a mark on the wall of the bar, well
above the drinkers' heads, to mark
the limit of the waves.



the END of Arguments



Do Colours Look Different When You're Lying Down?

You'd be surprised. Try matching a series of colors when you are standing upright on your feet and then try to match the same colors when you are lying on your side. After you've inspected the resulting confusion, consult Dr. J. N. Aldington, in the British science journal, "Nature." Dr. Aldington explains that when you are standing upright on your feet, both your eyes are colored in about the same way. When you are lying flat on your back, the ordinary vision of both your eyes is alike, also. But if you lie on one side, the lower eye is more sensitive to red than is the one on top. The upper eye is more sensitive to blue. If you turn over, the color sensitivities of the two eyes are reversed.

How Can You Best Live to a Ripe Old Age?

Easy! Just pick a long-lived mother. This advice is based on findings reported by Dr. E. J. Jelacic, of the University of Helsinki (Finland). After studying the data of 30,000 cases Dr. Jelacic seems to write off father's life span as a mere hot potato issue. Declares the doctor: "The length of life of fathers does not significantly increase the life span of daughters and, even in men, is less than that of the mother's longevity. However, father's age when children are born does not have any effect on

his offspring's expectation of life. On the other hand, babies born when the mother's age is high have a shorter life than those of young mothers."

Can Insanity Be Faked?

Well, it all seems to depend on the persons you encounter. The British medical journal, "The Lancet," declares that, while it isn't so hard to fake the symptoms of a psychosis, it's terrible to keep up the pretense day after day. As a matter of fact, you could easily drive yourself mad by trying to do so. As a case history, "The Lancet" quotes a man who "made a pretense of having himself" "not来看看吧 for long periods at the same position," "talked aloud to himself," "wrote silly letters" and "complained that people talked about him." After three weeks, however, the power broke down and wanted that it was all a pretense (to his parts, he had the receipt) put on the set to escape arrest for theft.

As a matter of fact, if all systems were like Brahma (the English translation for the extremely learned, one could quote unlearned people below) living. Conditions are so good that it has the lowest death rate in the world. A big proportion of its natives are over 75 years of age. One recently made £20,000 as a speculation on the stock exchange; another escaped but soon returned voluntarily because he "couldn't stand the mud-suds out there."

HITTING THE HAY-



- SURF STYLE

So she's going bunting in a load of hay, eh? . . . Well, maybe not quite that, but she's giving a wild land, may we say, a very necessary imitation, anyway. As a matter of fact, she's la belle France's equally la belle Renée Bogie . . . and for the economical French are short on the bathing-box idea! she's seeking solace to suit herself appropriately for the surf. All she needs is a quiet spot and . . .



Well, she's found it and she's right into action. She's first, of course . . . and that circle round her smile . . . when we were chewing chunks out of our dumplings, they used to call 'em "Jazz Gertie" . . . maybe, they call them that still . . . But why bother talking aesthetics? Ronstadt's getting down to really serious stuff . . . And why bother talking aesthetics? Ronstadt's getting down to really serious stuff . . . But why bother talking aesthetics? Ronstadt's getting down to really serious stuff . . . (Photo for *EW* by Fred M. Kavner. *Observe* how Ronstadt cannily combines street wear with team wear.)



And now, all's set and she's taking the plunge. Watch yourselves, you lucky, lucky women . . . you don't know who's coming to you. And, judging from experience, we wish we were in those wavy' place . . . we'd be open-minded (and open-minded!) about it. (Photograph and in case you're inclined to get funny ideas, these shots were taken by photographer Betty Hornerman.)

The law is a tangible evidence of man's superiority as a thinking animal; but there are trials which make you doubt it.

WHEN THE LAW'S A "HASS"



RICARDO CARAPALENE, Italian international soccer star, sat down with his family to enjoy a chicken lunch. Shortly afterwards they all developed food poisoning—and Ricardo's team, Torino F.C., lost an important match because he was unable to play. Now the club is suing the policeman who supplied the chicken.

This case has—an at-waiting—not been heard, but if the club and Ricardo win their action, it will by no means be the strongest circumstances under which damages have been awarded.

But this is only the heart of it. Babies, chimpzees, pigs, insects and even snakes have all at some time or other sued someone or have been sued.

The most recent case of this kind was when judgment was given in the U.S.A. in favor of an infant child whose mother had been born in a full whose mother had been born in a full.

A six-month-old child who had been spanked by a baby-sitter was awarded \$10,000 damages by a Washington court last year. His parents claimed that they had not given the baby-sitter permission to discipline the child in any way.

Not so unusual was the claim of the narrow snapper who filed a law suit against a man who had failed to kiss her. The incident took place at a party where the complainant said that the man had kissed all the other women present except her—"thus casting a serious implication on her charms and her character." Unfortunately for her the court thought

it unworthy of serious consideration.

In America anything can happen and some bizarre lawsuits have been brought before justices in the States. One of these recently arose from the complaint of a man who said he had not had sufficient ice cream in a cone he had bought.

The ice cream vendor took him to court for allegedly sanitary—and he was fined \$250.00. Then it was the buyer's turn. He claimed that his reputation had suffered because of the action brought against him, and the worry involved had brought about a recurrence of heart trouble.

He was not content with a mere \$250.00. He sued for \$10,000, plus another \$1000 for medical sanitary brought about by riding in a police car, medical expenses and loss of income.

In Hollywood the film, "The Egyptian Waltz," starring Bing Crosby, brought about an action of an unusual kind. Mrs. Florence Prischl, owner of a beauty salon, alleged that she had lost the affection of her hair dresser after he had been "see-starved" as Bing's part in the film.

She told the court that the dog was the only companion she had and estimated his loss was worth \$10,000 to her.

On the other end of the financial scale is the case of the Egyptian policeman who was awarded a billion-pounds damages against the authorities whom he sued for compelling him to shave off his mustache. They said that it was the cause of many traffic jams in Cairo because women drivers became so fascinated with it.

However as these cases are, they are comparatively countered with some old-time lawsuits.

The famous statue of Venus de Milo, for example, was once sent to prison—in Marathon, Germany, in 1882—for adultery.

Freak trials such as the one men-

tioned were even more common in the Middle Ages, when all kinds of animals and insects were solemnly tried before judges and juries. This led to code in the law of the Old Testament. Animals or insects were always defended by an advocate, and the whole business of justice (which usually meant execution for the poor offenders) was carried through with great ceremony and detail.

This practice was particularly prevalent in France, where records show that 80 actions against animals from 1120 to 1790 were registered—the last ending in ending trial being a cow.

Probably the most famous of these animal cases was that of St. Julian, in 1381, when weevils which had been damaging vineyards were sued. A proclamation was issued but, apparently, the insects sensed their trouble was short, for they disappeared from the district. Forty years later their descendants came back to the vineyards—and, they, too, were brought to court. This ended in their天文, and they were given an acre of land in which to carry on their activities.

It was also a French going which found a new quality of meander after a fatal attack on a child. The cow was dressed in women's clothing and hanged from a gallows.

A lawyer tried to defend a colony of ants which were nibbling a Brazilian plantation was able to prove that the insects had occupied the site before the plantation had been built. The only right in the site was recognized by the court; but, as it was inconvenient to move the plantation, the ants were told to remove their home in an adjoining field.

But what must have produced the most ridiculous spectacle in the history of the law was the trial of a chimpzee at South Bend, Indiana, for breaking a "No Smoking" rule. The chimp used salami in the dark while lawyers argued over his age.

Crime Capsules

LET-SEY . . .

A burgher—4-feet tall, weighing 100 lbs—recently crawled into a Bronx (New York) toy shop and handed to 18-year-old salesman, John Lugo, two dollars as a deposit on a child's bicycle. This financial deal accomplished, Supererceo Jr. produced a pistol, prodded Mr. Lugo in the ribs, and both men took the cash register. However, both Mr. Lugo and his assailant were too busy to note the shop's proprietor tip-toe up from the rear and quickly took the burgher's hands on the skull with a screw-driver. Gently increased pressure promptly felled Mr. Lugo and his boor downstairs. In the vanishing, the pair clutched an over-arm the proprietor's son, Bill. Bill, naturally raised the conventional scream of "Help! Murder! Fire-lease!" Legged looks of the law arrived campus-west of the scene . . . too late! The brawlers had vanished, but behind him remained his pistol, his over-dressed and two dollars in cash. As at writing, he has not returned to collect his property. "And if wouldn't do him any good if he did," Mr. Lugo has announced. "He'll get no two dollar refund here!"

THE NEW LOOK . . .

Confidence of Omaha (O. K.)—as we hope—have voted to change their offi-

cial police colors from black to powder blue. (Working 120 feet 22 agents) Meanwhile—as if to underline their disappearance—pedestrians in Salt Lake City put the hairy hand on an auto engine whose license plate was painted a vivid crimson. "I liked the original insignia," "I know it's the wrong color, but I wanted to take in with my car's door."

FORWARNING . . .

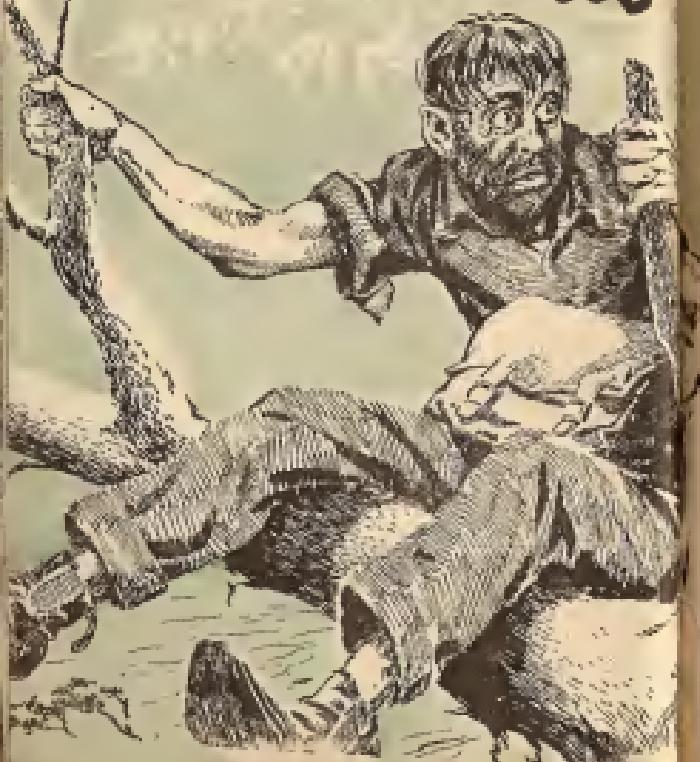
In North Africa, Nicholas Gouta, nearly armed in tassels and the tattered, dashed intensity into a police station and plunked an overnight bag on the charge room table. "Hi, wouldja think that?" snarled the serpent in crimson plaidstrip. "Hi, just my garage, shaving gear and what not!" retorted Mr. Gouta magnificently. "I'm off to a stag party, if everything works out as it should. I'll certainly be seeing you in a few hours."

MISTAKEN IDENTITY . . .

A professor at the University of Kansas reports that he recently passed out to his introductory class 10 photographs for the purpose of having them select the criminal and non-criminal types. He means that 90 per cent of the students chose chief O-Man J. Edgar Hoover's portrait as that of a criminal.



Floodbound



with rats

WAL WATKINS

THE floodbound killer sat high in the upper branches of a tall redwood. Below him there swirled the roiling waters of the flood, and as far as he could see the land was a white blanket of water.

Nothing stirred out there. Not even the coots that waded their tops on the water's surface.

The killer looked up into the branches above him and felt happen. The flood was still rising, but it would never rise to the height of this great pine. He was safe here. He had enough food in the pack to last him a day or two. He could wait here until the water fell. Then he would move east to the railroad and to freedom. The trooper would never suspect he had come this way; straight into the path of the flood.

The killer had escaped only that morning when the trooper had been halfway to town. His crime was murder, and he'd taken the gun and slapped the trooper and made good his escape. The dog had helped him covering his tracks and no doubt leading the search to the dry, open country to the west.

Now he settled himself more comfortably into the fork of the great redwood, darkened the watery world

HE WAS A KILLER BUT HE FEARED THIS SMALL FURRY CREATURE THAT SHARED HIS REFUGE

NATIONAL FITNESS

Men — read, derive or go —
sudden fear to get their wags
a sort of shyness, a shapely leg,
the instant chance — all
fearless bag
which envelops valves, with
wheels of ease,
can only flee by spending
days,
and even if her glorious hair,
the march need not burst into
wails
many a mare has obtained her
merry by shaking her both
arm bands

— JAY-PAT

Some strange feeling made him look up now. And when he did, he looked straight into the hard black eyes of an enormous gray rat.

The rat was crouched on the next branch up; these feet above the killer's head. He was moving wet from the flood earlier and his scales were raw from long hours of starvation.

A shudder ran through the killer. A rat! Always, he had hated rats. Ever since that terrible night when he was a baby. He didn't remember the incident, but they'd told him of it, and there had always been the fear. He lifted his hand over and traced the tiny furrow on his cheek. And he shuddered again. The rat had bitten him while he slept in his nest that night, and had carried that abominable dread of them ever since.

Now the rat seemed to show hope along the branch to lift its nose towards the man and staff.

The killer's hand moved to his belt and he drew his big sheath knife. He waited. His eyes stared fixed on the

rat. He wanted to avenge it but his eyes would not focus it. He sheathed the knife, then hesitated. No! He might miss and lose the knife. He stood up in the fork and reached upwards. But the rat moved further down the branch and sat staring.

The killer re-shouldered the knife. What the devil sort of a man was he, anyway? Fractured of a rod.

He deliberately raised his eyes away and looked out across the now darkening water. But his thoughts were still with the rat, wondering if it had gone down and was now on his branch. Wondering if now it wasn't still behind his head waiting to drive its teeth into his face. He looked back quickly to the branch above him. The rat was gone.

Wildly, the man looked about the branches. With a start, he turned his head and looked behind him. No, the monster was gone.

He tried to relax, telling himself that the thing was just another flood victim, and that he was not very down on the branch of the tree somewhere. But all the while, the uneasiness was there. The feeling that the rat was watching him.

The darkness深ened and the man's nerves tightened. He stared about at the mass of leaves and branches. But he saw only darkness, and odd shapes that took the shapes of enormous rats. He took his matches from his pocket and struck one. And the matches lit, flared, he saw the rat. It was sitting straight down the branch, some three feet below his feet. It was motionless, staring at the yellow flame.

The killer cursed loudly and grabbed out his knife again. "To get you!" he snarled. "I'll eat those strong eyes if you're keeping! He started along the branch with the knife ready to slash. But the rat turned and ran back to the fork and

clipped up on to the branch above. Then the wet match went out, and the man crawled back to the fork and sat cursing the cold water of the cut and the lacerated nerves of himself.

Fifty feet below him, he heard the shrilling foundations. And he thought of leaving that tree and finding another one. But no. It was too dark and he wasn't a strong swimmer. No, he must stay here.

He set the food pack on his lap and thought of throwing it away. That was what attracted the thing no doubt the smell of the dinner. But no, it was his only food, and it had to last him till he reached the roadside. He shivered and jumped at wind rattling the leaves about him.

Later, when his nerves were settling at him, he struck another match. And there, in the same place again, was the rat. Back on his branch below his feet.

The killer threw out the match and reached out to a nearby shoot. He saw it at last, and it was easy in his hand. It was long and powerful. He balanced it in his big fist and struck another match. And when the rat still gazed at him with narrowing black eyes, he took the shooting at his right hand and held the match in his left.

He maneuvered the rat off and struck with a loud cracking blow. The match went out as he struck. He heard the crack of the stick, then the short squeak of the rat; then silence. He waited. Had he killed it? If so, why hadn't he heard it drop in the water? Perhaps he had only injured it and made it more nervous?

He sat fighting his doubts for a while. Then he struck another match, and as he did he balanced the box and it slipped from his trembling fingers and fell down into the flood below.

He cursed loudly. No matches to light a fire with now. No way of

cooking a decent meal or making a cup of tea. He yawned suddenly and felt more tired than ever before. He ran to-day had been a long one, and he could sleep. He put the food pack behind him in the fork and let himself relax against it. Once or twice, he started up leaves and twigs moved in the wind. But his eyes grew heavier. His thoughts turned on rats. The rat that had watched him, and the wet long one that had bitten his face. Was this big boy still here? Was he still watching? The questions were frantic and frantic themselves in his mind. But he was tired—too tired to care. And then his right arm was numbed. And the murderer slept.

He was a baby again, and things like gnarls were unknown to his innocent mind. He was in his nest and there was a big gray rat perched on the rail staring down at him with unswerving eyes of black. Then the rat was coming down to him and clawed fist plucking at the blanket as it came. Then it was at his face, and he was screaming in terror and flailing at the attacker with the hands.

And the rat was screaming in rage and driving his cruel fangs deeper and deeper into his face. And the harder he beat at it, the deeper went the teeth. And there was nothing he could do but scream and scream.

He awoke as the morning sun stoked his memory. He was sailing. There was desperation peering from him and his face was contorted in terror. Then the branch snatched up at him and belted him into unconsciousness as he fell on down into the water.

Back on the high branch, the giant gray rat stared over the darkness and wondered miserably at the crazy action of men. Then he lifted his paws and wrangled the tip of it. He went carefully down the branch to the food pack.

UNDER THE BANNERS

PAUL WARREN GRAHAM



ENRIQUE VIVES was, in the opinion of many, a genius. Unfortunately he spoke his natural language badly, a fact that prevented his ever being accepted by the elite of that old city where this tale is set. Every time he opened his mouth, they were reminded that his first years had been spent in Spanish cities.

An American tourist had taken a liking to a newspaper, the paper of which had been torn across an entire page to clean him up and give him an education. But the man had been editor for the *Sur* for 20 years since, if his benefactor had thought it necessary to have him tutored in the nuances of Spanish diction.

But now, let's join that adult Enrique, walking briskly along a narrow, dusty street in a city long forgotten by the powers in Spain, but more Spanish than Madrid itself.

He reached a safe, paved bridle path where thick hair fell back with his fingers, then plunged through the

HE IDEAS WERE GOOD BUT THEY FORWARDED A CHARGING WAY WHICH THE BONES OF OLD SPAIN SAW WAS DANGEROUS

house. Miguel de Falla was waiting for him at a table.

"This is for you, my boy," said de Falla, authorily, holding out a long sealed envelope.

Infected by his tone and manner, Enrique took it without comment and studied the colored seal before breaking it open. He did not speak until he had read the letter twice.

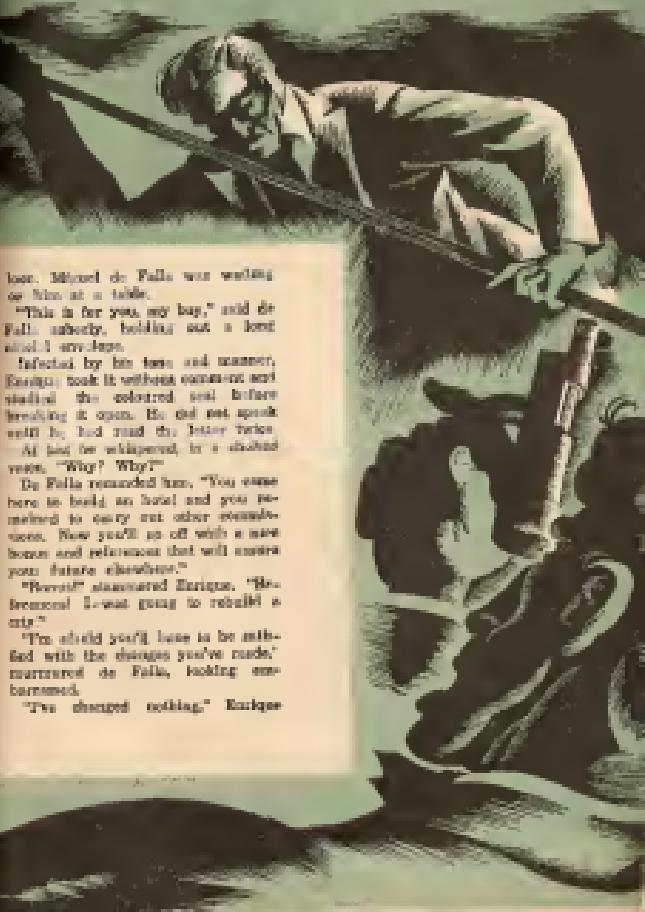
"All has been whispered, in a shadowed room. 'Why? Why?'

De Falla remonstrated him. "You came here to hold an idiot and you promised to carry out other commissions. Now you'll go off with a nice bonus and references that will ensure your future elsewhere."

"Herrrrr," snarled Enrique. "Remember I was going to rebuff a critic."

"You should you'll have to be satisfied with the changes you've made," murmured de Falla, looking embarrassed.

"I've changed nothing," Enrique



As She-Is-Spoken Departmental Notes that the High Art of Advertising is fleeing to more brilliant (and more lucious) heights under the influence of the Mystic East. At least, an Ontario newspaper (name and country withheld for deep considerations of international safety) has just issued the following unadulterated statement to itself: "The news of English we tell the latest, write in perfect style and the most lucious! Do a murder not innocent, we have and tell of it. Do a naughty chisel die, we publish it in borders of sorbets. Staff has each one been to college and was like the Kiping and the Ichuan. We publish every news, and entertainments not for advertisements. Buy it!"

jerked out suddenly. "I thought I had, but really I've only put a glow over some of the decay and the rotteness."

A writer interrupted them, passing drinking on the table.

"Won't you tell me what's behind that?" asked the young architect.

"He was pleased—the community."

"Not you though!"

De Faria hesitated for a moment, then said slowly, "Yes, I agree with the others."

For Enrique that was perhaps the worst shock of all. He liked old de Faria and had considered him his only real friend there. His face flushed suddenly and he got up, unable to say anything. And he hurried off towards the door like a man in a dream.

Outside, Enrique walked for a long time under the hot sun, trying to work it off.

It was mid-afternoon when he headed back towards the hotel he had designed and on which he had his apartments. It sat on the crest of a small hill—a six-story cylinder of balanced concrete approached by a broad stretch of new road. On either side of the approach, set back behind rows of young trees, were apartment

buildings also built from his drawing board.

Estevan became aware of quick feet tapping on the pavement behind her. Then there was a girl's voice calling her name. He stopped, surprised, and waited for her.

It was de Faria's daughter, Juana, a usually carefully chaperoned beauty whom he had often seen, but seldom spoken to. During his walk to her father, she associated herself, naturally, with the conversation, but never entering into it.

"You got to talk to you," she said. Estevan answered roughly, "Do you want to have me shot? I'm in enough trouble as it is."

"That's what I want to talk about. There are a few things you should know."

Estevan found himself suddenly, but he realized, "Look youngster—some one is sure to see us before long and that would be an unpleasant for you as for me."

He seemed to pause; then looked nervously around before saying, "All right; I'll come to you at the hotel about two in the morning."

"Do that!" said Enrique, trying not to grin. He knew that she would be safely tucked in bed at that hour—

that even though she seemed to have escaped her father's servants now, she'd have no chance of doing that at night.

She answered his own question and sat back in the direction from which she had come.

Reaching the hotel, Enrique went immediately to the top floor—the floor that was taken up by "The Tavern." Felipe, the head waiter, came over and sat down with him. There was no one else in the place.

"You won't have me for a customer much longer," Enrique informed him.

"I know, but you'll get on all right."

"I can't understand it, Felipe. Why could they have decided so suddenly?"

"You have the many ideas," replied the waiter, accepting a cigarette. "You made certain suggestions about bringing in American labour engineers and other experts."

Enrique hurried to protest, "But they were only casually made remarks."

Felipe said, "Well, I'll bring something to drink." When he returned with glasses and a bottle, he went on, "A small group of landowners like de Faria run this colony, and will continue to do so just as long as we have a feudal economy."

"But they'll be made richer if this becomes a port city."

"Perhaps. But there'll be new rich men too, power will appeal to more hands. When they knew you first, they thought they could build a few new buildings without understanding a way of life that suited them."

Somehow, time—increase customer—and Felipe rose hurriedly, leaving Enrique alone.

Enrique's eyes wandered around the walls of "The Tavern." Even in this modern building, the floor glorified a long gone past.

Twelve feet of curving wall was

recessed as a fireplace. But in that climate, no fire would ever be needed. So, instead, a fire had been built in where flames would never tick. Once this was embellished the city's east of arms, bright in blue and rust and silver.

Estevan hung high up, making a heavy, bright contrast to the dark line of cabin beams.

And between the huge windows were helmets and cuirasses, polished lances, and rows of pikes and halberds, their blades catching the light and shimmering.

"Santo Deus, I believe," said a voice at his elbow. The speaker was a tall, pale young man.

Enrique didn't think he liked him. He said, "Yes."

"I am Francisco Ribeiro de Madiara," said the stranger proprietarily. "Surely you've heard of me."

Enrique chuckled dryly. "I don't move in society circles so well as you do. I don't pronounce my words very well."

De Ribeiro said, "Nor do you respect our customs very much."

Enrique stiffened and said stiffly, "What do you mean by that?" he demanded roughly.

"Marriage with unattached women of family requires the presence of proper—or—respectable. You referring, of course, to my fiance, Juana de Faria."

There was no point in denying it. Enrique thought quickly and lied. "She wanted to say good-bye; you needn't worry about it." He pointed at a chair.

But the tall man shook his head. "Don't keep away from her that's all." And he was gone, sitting stiffly out.

Enrique came back and sat down again.

That night, as he wondered whether Juana de Faria would come, Enrique Vives became more and more un-

way. For a while he stood on his balcony, smoking and watching the life of the town tick out one by one.

Then, suddenly, he went inside and sat down with a book. He must have known, for she was inside the apartment before he realized it.

Enrique felt in his pocket for the key to "The Tavern," which he had borrowed from Felipe. Then he went to his smoking closetfully.

"You are a little fool," he said, but he was glad that she had come. He told her where they were going and led the way out and up the stairs.

They climbed sometimes against tables and chairs before he managed to light one of the lamps over the bar. "I don't think she'll show to anyone below," he hollered aloud.

They sat down, facing each other across a table.

She asked, "Why did you come here in the first place—to the colony, I

mean?"

"Perhaps," said Enrique hesitatingly, "I came because I've remained a bachelor."

She whispered, "This isn't Spain—Enrique—only the names are Spanish. This is just a freak export where a few families hold these places by keeping ancient memories alive."

"We started to get that idea," he mused, touched by her confidence.

"Because, if we didn't," she continued, "people might forget to know the de Filius and the de Madero and the rest of them."

"And the de Madero," added Enrique, remembering the tall man who had challenged him.

"What do you know of Francisco de Madero?" she wanted to know.

"I met him this afternoon."

He went around the table and sat down beside her.

"Father brought him here to marry me," said Juanita.

"You wouldn't have had any say in that," decided Enrique.

"When he wanted an architect, he brought in the best. When he wanted a husband for me, he found one with the right pedigree."

"Where do I fit in?" asked Enrique.

"I used your name. That's why father's letting them force you out."

"How?"

"If I tell you a bit more about de Madero, it will help. He's an entrepreneur who has nothing except his very pretty birth certificate. He's ingratiated himself with a number of the big men and promised them that he'd try and persuade father to set against you."

"Obviously he succeeded."

"Not by any talking of his own. You see, Francisco had realized how much I disliked him. So he suggested that the wedding should be hurried up. I took fright and fled them both. There was a horrible scene and

I blurted out that I wanted to marry you."

"Well, that was brilliant," Enrique managed to say. "You hardly know me."

"I know you a lot better than that episode from Madrid. But, of course, it was something I used without really thinking. You're about the only young man who has frequently visited the house."

Suddenly the great round room was full of hubbub. Lights that shivered at their unsteady ends. And a bark, now voice said, "Isn't this cozy?"

It was Francisco de Madero. He was smiling and he held a cigarette in his hand.

"What the hell!" cried Enrique.

"My man has gone to bring Santa de Filius," grinned de Madero. "He's going to be very embarrassed when he learns that his precious daughter's just a slut."

Finally, the architect made to move.



ADVICE TO THOSE WHO
HONOUR
ANNIVERSARIES

When a man gives up his smoking,
he changes his style a lot;
and he changes years too,
when seeking
for some present he hasn't
got,
but don't let this deter you;
don't mope and have re-
grets . . .
just give him (and how he'll
praise you!)
a Pocket of Cigarettes

— JAY-PAY

but Jesus clung to him, holding him back. De Maldura waved the gun in warning.

"What do you expect to gain by that?"

"It's quite simple. Jesus's little curfew, the other day, has costed your goods—and that's fine. But it didn't do me any good either. Pepe de Faria's too sure that I'm the cause of his misfortune after all. He will want a man-in-law with a family crest, but I'd say he may want to look further for him. He's a disportion little man when you come to think of it. But if I wanted to spread this little bit of news abroad, with suitable exaggerations, he'd never get anyone to come out to this hole."

Korupu felt the hot blood rushing. He wanted to destroy that smile. He pushed Jesus's arm away.

De Maldura saw how angry the mestizo had become, and pushed the gun forward more. He was enjoying himself. His smooth voice ran on, grinning, expounding, mocking.

Korupu stood as long as he could. Alone he might have raised the fol-

low earlier, but there was Jesus to think of too. But at last, he could listen to it all no longer. He began to move, not towards the world-be-blitzkrieg, but towards the wall.

"One last thing," grunted de Maldura, "I'm warning you."

To Korupu, the words floated without meaning through his rage. The gun went off and he jumped for the wall. His hands closed around a smooth, round hilt, and, as de Maldura shot again, he tore the ancient weapon from its bracket.

He felt the shock of the bullet and a man became a dog and then everything was clear again. Jesus was screaming and de Maldura was screaming too and pulling the trigger of the automatic. But Francisco de Maldura did not die well, for his eyes were not on the charging target, but on the terrible blocks of the barrel—before it caught him in the face and drove him apart.

When Miguel de Faria arrived, he hardly glanced at the mess that had been the chamber. He hurried to the side of his now-hasty daughter. For with several bullets in him, Rangue Viana was stubbornly refusing to die.

High against the bonfire, the banners of Old Spain seemed to blaze more proudly.

An Mardia twitched, and won his right, he clutched the grey halberd. And he called a protest on the grante-Spanish that was natural to him.

* * *

To-day, they're busy in that town. They're blending new things with the old things in that past and future make a splendid present. The wealth of Miguel de Faria and the genius of Rangue Viana have been combined.

Padre, head writer of "The Tavern," is a man who doesn't know much. And according to him, they are talking of incorporating a halberd in the city's coat of arms.



"That's Mr. Pick! isn't he the bushiest thing?"

"GAY BLADES" — Stripped And Honed

By GIBSON



In older times shaving was a rugged affair . . . with the aid of a straight, cold and a rough towel you rubbed the beard out like a shaker of flour . . . if you were not tough enough for this job . . .



Just let things slide and now the risk of being called a mole . . .

The first shave was a real thrill . . . both sides naked on dry hand and the "blades" removed with warm wet cloths . . .

Then come the greatest minute differences of all . . . a shave with an odd-fashioned "out-blade" razor . . . This was also a good way to remind yourself of your libidinous policy that night . . .



The advent of bristleless shaving brushes never brought an era of any duration to the habitude of shaving whiskers . . .

What comes when you start down bushy things with the new razor is the hair . . . sometimes you don't know whether you've bought a mole or just a fence post with some hair around it . . .

Modernization by the dawn of the electric razor and comes on the scene . . . 1920's hair, making the art of shaving more difficult a play it is to give the male a chance to compare with the female in certain occasions . . .

It is located through . . . we spend our body time in the bathroom both from the floor and the floor paper being cut down and trying to make it come on the top of our heads!



STRANGER and Stranger



JOHN PERL, JR. . . .

In London a strain who, somewhat astonishingly, prefers to remain anonymous is conducting a one-man campaign against materials . . . especially those which prevent delight it is to pursue, persistent publications from government to government over street-cameras. Methods. The ingenious character has equipped himself with a small automobile here. Whenever he desires to cross a river, he tools horticulturists and advances. Presumably, road-logs are then expected (it is not themselves into return in their dreams, or did he look frantically in a dead ring, the letter to survey the latest modern changes.

FADING KIDNEY-STONES . . .

Edna, you nerve-shattered parents (and, perhaps, child-psychologists . . . amateur or otherwise . . . had better prepare to retire from health-care! Mr. Harry S. Bay, of Hollywood (California) has patented an invention which, he claims, will prove an infallible remedy for "saving the agonies of the lonely, introspective child." The invention is a Seway built for one (1). Explains Mr. Bay: "By being able to amuse by itself, the introspective child need no longer suffer the horrors of agnosia when seeking a companion for the ordinary sweater. My sweater has a seat at only one end. On the hirsute hair on which the sweater rests,

there are also two vertical bars. A foot-rest and two handles are provided and, with these, the child can swing himself up and down all alone." (No mention is made of what happens if you chance to see introspective twins and they both want to swing at once!)

THE CLINGING KING . . .

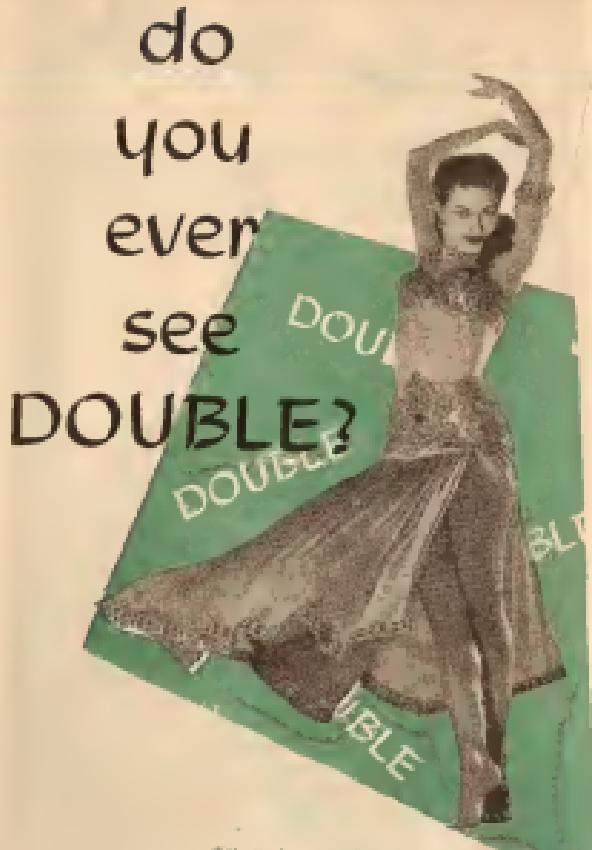
Care, pan-sackers! Fear no more for your false teeth. No longer need you worry that your upper and lower dentures may be inadvertently glued together. A new false reports that Ernst E. Goldschmidt, of London (England), has solved your problem. Mr. Goldschmidt has designed dentures "containing single and multiple artificial teeth and containing one or several margins in different positions." He claims that the margins make the teeth to all intents and purposes removable.

BUSY ANTS . . .

Arizona scientists are hard at work on experiments to rear colonies of useful working ants. They are interested in the species that eat insects and fungi—not the harvest or insect-eating-predatory types. The idea is not a new one. For purposes of biological control of insect pests, ants have been used in China (specifically to eradicate citrus lugs and caterpillars) for more than 300 years.



"I'll be glad to see this these fold . . . I'm sick and tired of the same old faces . . ."



do
you
ever
see
DOUBLE?

... that maybe we can't blame you, especially when
you're up to your eyeballs... in a mother of four
all bug-eyed (you know what I mean) ... This is the
Guru demonstrating how to freeze a regular number
of carrots than using a refrigerator. Consider...

CARROTS © 1952



... Here's that pert puppet, Hollywood's Penny Edwards ... who knows how to...
... AND to give you a Double Exposure of the same time. Now don't deny
it, isn't she worth turning your eyes into a permanent squint? To tell the truth, we
won't register even the most muted of objections even if she makes us see double.
Hollywood knows her as "The No-Don't-Care Girl" ... but, we care terribly.

CARROTS © 1952



But Penny isn't alone in her story . . . she has—we won't say rivals—rivals. This, for example, is 17-year-old actress June McCull—also of Hollywood—and according to her biographical sketch wondering how she would look as a Cleopatra-type beauty. Well, that may be so . . . and she can wonder all she likes . . . but she's not as concerned. By the way, that torture is the background . . . who were the clots who placed it there to distract attention from the general scene?

54 CAVALEASH, August, 1953



HEARTSTOPPING . . .

An extra aid for keeping alive a patient whose heart stops on the operating table is reported in "The Journal of the American Medical Association." The treatment according to the "Journal" consists of pinching closed the aorta (the big artery that comes blood from the heart). This pinching is done at a level that keeps blood from going to the lower part of the body, so that as much as possible will go to the brain and to the heart-muscle itself. As soon as the surgeon sees the heart has stopped, even in a single-lead operation, he takes a knife, makes a bold cut across the patient's chest and without hesitation thrusts his hand between the lower ribs and begins squeezing the aorta. A skilled surgeon can do this in half a minute. If it is not done in five minutes it is generally too late.

STILL VOICES . . .

The Washington University Medical School (U.S.) had released details of a new brain operation to stop "the torturing voices which some mental patients hear, those they hear." In the operation, a group of cells (the size of a fingernail and called "the amygdaloid nucleus") is removed from what is called "the temporal lobe" on each side of the brain. In

previous operations (known as "partial lobectomies"), these brain cells were reduced, though certain other fibers ("the worry fibers") in the front of the brain were cut. The School quotes a case history of a young man, who found "the voices were so bad that he had to give up his job, could not eat regular and at times, even druk off to another city in a vain effort to escape his tormentors." Six weeks after the operation the young man was to all intents and purposes cured, the "voices" having become only indistinct noises without words.

ANTI-PAIN WAVES . . .

"Soundings" treatments, consisting of managing with high frequency sound waves that cannot be heard by the human ear, can relieve pain about as well as heat and diathermy, reports the Cushing Veterans Administration Hospital (U.S.). Hospital doctors, however, warn that these ultrasonic treatments are not cure in the sense of alleviating the causes of various diseases. They also advise against "soundings" patients with heart trouble, pregnant women and regions of growing bone, sin glands and cancer. They emphasize, should not be treated by ultrasonics, as there is a grave danger of overheating the patient's skin.

When the peasants revolted they marched to London under Wat Tyler but history has forgotten the men behind him

LESTER WAY



JOHN BALL'S DREAM

IT was on June 13 that an army besieged London. It had appeared suddenly and marched swiftly, giving the government no time to prepare. The King had a small body of troops at his disposal, but not sufficient for attack. The main forces were widely scattered, and the besieging army blocked any possibility of immediate reinforcements.

But the walls of London were strong, and it was the year 1381, when strong walls with a small, determined force behind them gave

security. The gates were closed, a leading citizen was assigned to each to give the alarm whenever an attack was made—and the government was confident. It could hold out, and if it did the attacking army would melt away.

For it was an army of thirty thousand peasants—armed with the crudest weapons, utterly untrained and presumably undisciplined. They had come together almost overnight as who looked like a motley crew riding Flanders with a statement. It was believed, they would disappear as quickly. In fact, Richard II sent no sufficient numbers commanding them to go home.

Instead of dispersing, the motley army moved on the city. Only then did the Court realize that this was no unorganized army. The rebels not only marched on the city—they marched into the city. They took complete command of London, passing on the way to burn some houses.

They were very special houses—the property of Lord Mayor Walworth, one of the most hated of the King's advisers. They were bawdies, the main source of Walworth's wealth, and stocked with women imported from the continent. The international white slave traffic enjoyed high-placed patronage in those days.

Meanwhile the main body of the army marched to the Tower, where the King and his councillors and men-at-arms had retreated. There, the army camped, and interrupted and its food used to shear a refugee government.

There were not sets of an undisplaced army. They followed a piecemeal plan with shifting features. First there was the battering ram with which they pressed through the walls of London, when responsible citizens were guarding the hedge and all gates. The gates were thrown open, and not a drop of blood was shed.

The strike was perfect. Apparently unconnected forces were closely co-ordinated. The unswerving courage of the leaders made it clear that they knew exactly where they were going, and how, and why.

It was a situation that could not arise suddenly out of a storm of angry discontent; it was the sort of thing that could come about only as a result of long, careful and detailed preparation, of constant organization over a large part of England, of well-transmission of information, instructions, principles of action.

No wonder the government was caught off guard! These men were illiterate scabs, dispersed over the entire countryside. How was it possible to work such scattered, unorganized material into a force capable of overthrowing the nobility? Or to do this with a single purpose?

The government had known that

revels would come. The abuses and extortions of a corrupt Court were fanning resistance. It was on the lookout, always for malcontents, for stamping out, for sudden, angry change.

And just because of that, it was utterly unprepared for the suddenly disciplined army that entered London. Least of all was it prepared to discover leading citizens of the city taking their places in the army, taking orders from an army whose hands were hardened by toil.

Wat Tyler commanded. Convalescent history credits him with having aroused the peasants by a crude type of oration. The plain fact, however, is that Wat Tyler's name does not appear in any record until less than a week before the fall of London—after the disciplined mass of revolting peasants had already formed.

But who called that rebellious mass? Who arranged the difficulties during which the objectives of the army were clearly stated and unanimously accepted, during which a leader was given?

That was the work of one of the most remarkable men in English history: John Ball, St. Mary Friar, of York, then of Colchester. What he achieved at Tuna, 1381, was the climax of over twenty years of patient, skillful preparation.

With a deep conviction, he preached the basic brotherhood and equality of men. He was repeatedly imprisoned, burned from the pulpit, dismissed by his bishop, as he preached in the market-places and wherever people were gathered. And they listened.

But John Ball knew that, even if his sermons could reach the men of the nobility, it would make no difference. He made of his mission, first to build his own fervent conviction

in the ranks of commissioners, and then to organize them for action—in a secret organization known as The Great Society.

He wandered through East Anglia, Kent, Middlesex and elsewhere, forming cells of the Society, collecting local expenses and arranging communications. Most meetings were convened by post as the mail from their masters, or by messenger posts like himself. Many fell into the hands of government officers, but they were dismissed as mere harmless gossip.

John Bell was pleased for his success. He took the imprisonment and refused to retreat the truth as he saw it. News came, however, of the existence of The Great Society book and

The Society presented London, caused the imprisonment of London's apprentices and guildsmen, even extended to wealthy commoners of great influence. When the call to revolution came, it was an expression of some hundreds of thousands.

Without bloodshed, they made prisoners of the King and his government. Richard was a boy of fifteen, and neither Bell nor Tyler blushed for the abuse they meant to stop. They consistently affirmed their loyalty to him.

But they presented their demands.

And Richard appeared quite happy to get rid of the wretches using them to dominate him. He gave Tyler his signed authority to choose them, to punish their crimes, and to carry out the specific reforms demanded.

In great legality, Wat Tyler was consecrated by the King to form a government on June 19, 1381. He and his committee of commissioners became the authentic government of England.

As a result, the executions, the freezing of rents, the seizure of land and the replacement of tax collectors

were all acts of government—connected with signed approval of the masters.

However, Royal assent was needed for further reforms to complete the program of the royal charter. A conference was arranged at a place fixed by the King—Mile End outside the walls, where fairs and markets were held. Richard also fixed the hour—after sunset, in the dark. He took responsibility for these arrangements, but it is certain someone else made the decisions.

The peasant army stood in the twilight at one end of a vast field. The King and a group of courtiers took up their position under the wall of the city at the other end, and the courtiers were shirts of mail and decorated swords under their fine robes.

Tyler left his army and rode across the field to the royal party. His only weapon was a short dagger in his belt. Tyler knelt before Richard, then rose and respectfully outlined the additional reforms demanded.

The King gave his unqualified approval.

During the negotiations, however, dark was gathering. The army in the distance could not follow what was taking place.

Wat Tyler, confident of his success, never doubting the majority of his men, called for ale in which to toast Richard, and a new England of free men. Ale was brought, and water, so that, according to custom, he might rinse his mouth before drinking. He did this silently, and drunk, and then mounted his horse to return to his army.

But the nobles had formed a ring around him, and a page, hiding behind one of them, began to insult Tyler, charging him with being a monk thief, a murderer, everything evil. Tyler demanded to see his accuser. Instead, the flow of filth con-

tinued insulting him, so that he lost his temper and drew his dagger. Immediately the cycle of nobles closed in.

His dagger was impotent against coats of mail. Half a dozen swords slashed his head, wounded his neck, hacked at his breast. He fell backward on his horse, and they cut at his helpless body.

It was street death. The army, unlike its fellow predecessors, was more or less passive. Then Richard committed the only act that might appear to

expensive here in the murder plot. He rode over and told them that all their demands had been met, that Tyler had been knighted, and that they were to meet Tyler at St. John's Field. With their trust in the King restored, the peasants marched straight into the trap.

So did the movement about freedom and democracy end. Three centuries had to pass before the ideals by which John Bell imagined that army became the motto of a resurgent, forward-marching England.

THE LAST PIECE

By CLAUDE WILLIAMS



1. A young lawyer at his desk, thinking, "What's the best way of getting rid of this old office piece of dirt?"



2. An attorney, having thought it over, says, "I think the best way to get rid of this old office piece of dirt is to bury it."



3. The attorney returns to his office and says, "I think the best way to get rid of this old office piece of dirt is to bury it."



4. The attorney returns to his office and says, "I think the best way to get rid of this old office piece of dirt is to bury it."



5. Finally, the young lawyer comes to a decision. "I think the best way to get rid of this old office piece of dirt is to bury it."



6. "I think the best way to get rid of this old office piece of dirt is to bury it."



7. "I think the best way to get rid of this old office piece of dirt is to bury it."



8. "I think the best way to get rid of this old office piece of dirt is to bury it."



GOODNIGHT *Gweed Glockwhip*

Although the Australian masters of tough, flexible whips of fine kangaroo hide are renowned the world over, the craft is fast dying and

THIS may be the epoch maligned ranches age—or even the stone age—but there are still a few consecutive handmakers left among Australia's expert stockwhip makers.

At present the crimes of unskilled kangaroo shearers are the principal threat to this decaying hand.

"Can you believe that anyone would try a kangaroo hide out in the open?" one oldtimer wanted to know recently, as he fed me with a dim indigence eye. "By the time a whipmaker gets

these hides they are practically useless."

The whipmaker's business is not what it used to be. The golden age of Australia's supremacy in this field seems on the wane. True, there are still whipmakers who are active after 30 years of expert skill on stockwhips, belts, side-saddles and riding crops that brought world renown to the art; but they are a dying race.

It seems to be the old story of bigger rewards and better demands

for other types of work. A few enthusiasts are at present learning the intricacies of whipmaking, but as a hobby rather than as a business.

"A stockwhip usually measures seven and a half or eight feet," explained an old master when ready to show the craft. "A good one should crack steel."

One of the longest stockwhips ever made measured 18 feet, the handle was as big as the owner, Australia's famous "Sailor Bill," could hardly get his hand around it and the weight had to be supported under his armpit.

The whip was eventually sold to Martin's Backsapping Show.

The great secret of making a perfect stockwhip lies in the perfect balance between the thong and the handle, almost as much as in the art of plaiting the strands of leather. Practically anyone can be taught to plait leather; but only years of experience can impart the knowledge of balance . . .

Nobody could deny Cecil Henderson's rank as a stockwhip master. It is said that he is—or at any rate was—the only man who could plait words into the finely woven leather that covers the whip handles.

One of the first of the plaited masterpieces he made was awarded two medals at the British Empire Exhibitions at Wembley. Woven of two tons of fine kangaroo hide, it was an English riding crop. The word plaited into one pole of the handle was (very appropriately), "Australia."

During his career Cecil Henderson made many whip and riding crops with the owner's name woven into them. Sometimes, he included the address or the name of a station property. Practically every region in the Commonwealth can boast of a Henderson whip.

The same craftsman also designed special whips for the greatest cowboy comedies for many a long era—the

late Will Rogers—and through him Australian-made whips were introduced to some of the leading riders of America.

In the early days of Hollywood's movie triumphs in the cowboy and Indian tradition, the almost fabulous horseman, "Snowy" Baker, introduced Australian stockwhips.

Through the influence of "Snowy" Baker, a Hollywood whip dealer placed an order for eight dozen of Australian stockwhips with a Sydney master. All of them were delivered to us before the cameras in the hands of the film stars.

Probably one of the most famous Australian-made whips in Hollywood was specially designed to ease the life of Douglas Fairbanks, Senator, in the film "Sea of Love."

In the film story it was necessary for that burly Jackie Johnson Fairbanks to throw the whip over a high wall so that he could haul himself up to safety. In order to make sure that the whip would be strong enough to hold the film star's weight, a length of piano wire was woven into the thong . . . even though Cecil Henderson, who made it for Fairbanks, was quite confident that the whip would have held him without the wire.

The strength and durability of a well-made Australian stockwhip is so extraordinary that they might be considered almost indestructible. A master of the old school supplied a whip to a Queensland cattle station 30 years ago. He had it returned to him recently for a slight repair. It had been in use by a driver ever since he bought it.

Some stockwhip makers have been in business so long that the family name has become almost inseparable from the craft. For example, the firm that started in Sydney as "T. Henderson and Sons, Stockwhip Makers and Exporters," grew

one of an enterprise started by T. Henderson, in Victoria, in 1882. At least four generations of Hendersons were whipmakers.

One of the first of the many interesting customers to patronize the Henderson brothers (after they transferred the business from Condell's in Sydney) was Captain Topic, who was on H.M.S. "Reserve" when the Duke of Windsor, then Prince of Wales, paid his historic visit to Australia. The Royal Highness celebrated his birthday in the port of Sydney, and the whip was a gift which later was used at the Prince's round, "R.P." in Alberta.

At a moment's notice, the whipmaker was presented with a photograph of H.M. S. "Reserve." Attributed to the photograph included Admiral Lionel Hillier, Lord Louis Mountbatten and Edward P. (now Duke of Windsor).

Cowboys and buckjumpers all over the world take a pride in their whips and there are many examples of Australian craftsmanship scattered throughout the American West, and even in other parts of the United States.

A well-known horse breeder in Vermont gives his opinion that the stockwhip maker can turn out a better article than the famed bull whip which is so popular with American cowboys.

There was also a time when many notable (and some notorious) Australians, who were not actively associated with the saddle, took an interest in whips.

When Sir Cedric's champion whip cracked, Dan Bannister, displayed his skill for George V, the King was so pleased with the performance that he presented Bannister with a diamond whip which he showed keen interest in the workmanship of the whip.

The Melbourne Cup, also, has been won by a rider whose name, "T

Moore," was woven into the riding crop by a Henderson. Famous horsemen even as far west as the far blue frontier, as Kenya, Rhodesia, Transvaal and India, have recommended Australian whips.

And how is all this accomplished Well . . .

The only tools required by a whipmaker other than his own gift for the work, are a couple of pliers, parakeves, wire and a steel leather splitter.

The handle of a whip is made over a core of highly tempered steel (or iron hook, if steel is unavailable). It is so hard that a file is徒徒ed against it. Over the core, 12 strands of split cane form the basis of the best handles. The leather strands are plaited over these forms, but they differ in almost every whip.

The last interesting lesson in the stockwhip maker's trade occurred when the American Serviceman visited here during the last war and found their way into the last disappearing workshops of Australian craftsmen.

There are instances on record of G.I.'s whose hobby was stockwhipping, spending most of their leave watching the making of whips.

"I put 20 feet of the best kangaroo hide I could buy into a whip for one of these American soldiers," remembered an oldtimer at the game. But within a matter of minutes he was back on the whipmaker's floor. "It won't come to get good hide. The blazed shooters don't seem to know any better than to dry the kangaroo skins in the sun. The minute the natives pass the hide in tanning solution, what happens? They tell us that if a kangaroo hide isn't dried in the shade it's no good. The native fat is all dried out and you couldn't make a first rate stockwhip—even if you wanted to—with the hide on the market these days."



Jack Tyrell

"Well, well, if it isn't the O'Keefe's. This is a surprise. The wife made you again?"

BRICK or TIMBER

take your choice

Planned for a wide frontage, CAVALCADE'S home suggestion for this month would look its best in a semi-rural setting such as is found in the outer suburbs.

The home is designed to be built in timber but the plan could quite easily be adopted for brick construction.

The living quarters are grouped at one end of the house, the entry being across the stone paved terrace into the living room. The dining room is off the living room, with a wide opening so that both rooms could be used as one on occa-

sion. The kitchen serves direct into the dining room and is approached from the outside by means of a covered porch.

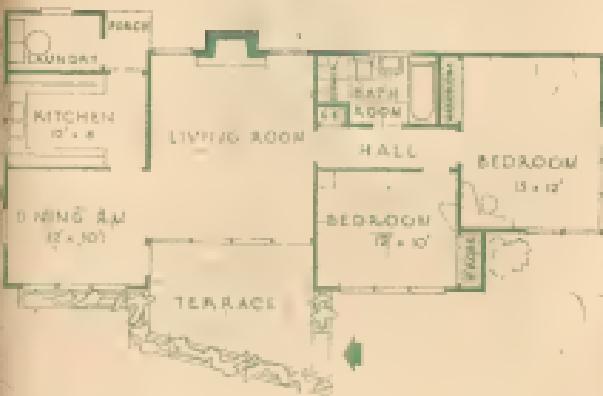
Each of the two bedrooms has built-in wardrobe and there is a linen and coal cupboard spacing from the hall. Large windows are a feature of the plan, thus making the most of the type of setting the house is planned for.

The minimum frontage required to accommodate this house is 60 feet and the overall area of the plan 900 square feet.



THE HOME OF TO-DAY No. 911

Prepared by
W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.



calling All cranks

GAT DOTL

A plaintive wail on the disappearance of the most enlightened types when the tailoring types have to take on the cranky

MUCH as it may distress communists of the nose and the mouth, I am forced to report that something once amazing, courageous and even indispensable is fast vanishing from the civilized world.

I refer, of course, to "The Grand Council of Cranks" . . . these magnificent deviants who, through the centuries, have persistently raised their unruly heads to spread alarm and despair among the all-too-standardized ranks of "Name Experts."

Then, suddenly and without warning, there fell a kind of killing frost and they were blighted and withered, so that today you may tramp the highways and byways until you believe God's Greatest Gift is the Embroidered Teatowel and yet not stumble across a solitary authentic specimen of the species.

In your novels, you will, of course, encounter a veritable army of these lesser souls who—assured (and doubtless adored) by their neighbours—have been titled "Eccentrics," "Wackos" and "bodkins," nationalists and federalists, nihilists, and racism, revolutionaries, top-hatters, god-haters, perverts, even lone lone survivors of the



Spots Brigade . . . you may look-and-with them all!

But beware! Do not be deluded into accepting these poor substitutes as "The Dickens' Old." It would be a very sorry state. The German, Gottfried Creek has little in common with the kindly "Eccentrics." The "Eccentrics" however as we do just for the pure fun—or the pure hell—of it. The "Crank," on the other hand, is in deadly earnest.

Example! Well, consider first a certain tyro whose non-hysteria was recently revealed by an English psychologist.

The tyro (we gather) was almost uniformly good of parts. Indeed, she insisted on keeping three of them in a large box in the family kitchen.

The trio which she selected to share this honest conduct consisted of one GI python and two GI bumblebees.

Rung by a very excessive capriciousness, the psychologist promptly asked the wench "What has parents thought about her choice of house-guests?"

"What should they think?" she counter-attacked in sullen reproach. "They're intelligent people!"

Whenupon the psychologist briskly allowed the matter to drop. Which seems a shame, for both he and we have been posed a neat problem. Was the missing A German Crank? And you will please defer from all shouting of course. The answer is obviously a resounding "NOT!"

And why? Well, the name harboring of supersupers is in itself no symptom of a deficiency. Crookiness. The English suspect seems to have overhauled his repertory for the unadmitted lack of it . . . and nothing else. Then, under the make-me-is automatically debased from the presence of Crookiness. At best, she can be claimed as no more than a High-Grade "Eccentric."

It, however, the whizzed less had originated a "Save-the-World-for-Supersupers" and had launched a relentless campaign for what (under current political conditions) seems to be an entirely feasible idea—to will that mankind disengage itself from the globe it has so greatly mismanaged and give the makes a chance—she might have made the grade.

So far, so good. Now let us consider another example.

Across Sydney, there still wanders the thin wreath of one Master Chidley who wears shoes he believed those in the flesh. It was his singular custom to stroll the Sydney thoroughfares, curled in a squatness which made him closely reminiscent of an anaphe from the Olympic Games.

Reared in the most depravity of cotton athletic singlets and a pair of shorts so battered as to approach being a Public Nuisance, the Master moved especially on his way, exuding incandescent in support of a peculiar Neutron theory which no one has to this moment disengaged the full details.

In broad outline, Chidley seems to

have been a self-appointed "To-Hell-With-The-Tulors Committee." He came out vigorously for Great Reform . . . and the less Drew the better, as far as he was concerned. But in addition to this crank, he also propagated an obscure set of economic reforms, based mainly on the alleged unreliability of all Great Outfitters . . . who the several widely-awarded financial depressions and depressions by enlisting an ineffective army to bankrupt themselves by buying of all things . . . CLOTHES.

Which is also why the Master must be claimed, not as an "Eccentric," but as "A German Crank." Chidley was desperately in person. He actually believed the theories he spouted and acted accordingly. Given sufficient encouragement, he probably would have been only too happy to commit arson on a couple of weaving-mills.

If actually accused by the government, the English tyro would, in all probability, have surrendered her repulsive friends without demur. But not so Chidley! Still wrapped 'n the cloth of his philosophy, he would have marched proudly to the cells and hung his martyr's halo on a long-bone.

So there you have the line which directs "Eccentric" down "Crank" . . . the one an all-fellow who consciously or unconsciously delights in appealing his more obscure brethren by pushing aside, the other a devotee, a prophet, possessed by lack of honour in his own country and powerfully confident of the value of the reforms he advocates.

That was Chidley, and he was not there alone in his glory. Even in my childhood, the Australian Outback was infested by a strange tribe who jerked cheerfully on a hand and wheel may have been a wooden night-shade bound by a rope, roved the

BACK to Australia, Class

Man should go back to the lower organisms, germs, insects, plants and animals to learn how to avoid undesirable practices transmitted over, class Dr. Paul Bartscheller, of Yale (U.S.) University. "These manage to thrive without the aids of class struggle," points out the doctor. "For instance, plants and animals often co-operate in groups which afford great advantages for survival and advancement."

consciously predicting the imminent dissolution of everything earthly.

There were many such, but all paled before the now seemingly extinct "Bush Hitler" whom—under the nickname of "Creaky Jack"—Mum Budd had immortalized in his much-endured, half-broken but still indistructible clods of the *Book-of-Born*, "On Our Selection."

For the benefit of any unshaven, unscrupulous conversationalists who have heard either the wit or the opportunity to use "On Our Selection," we would explain that Creaky Jack is a never-struck mouse who wandered somewhere between the Original Living Shakespear and a hirsute-shielded unscrupulous one marketing day at the Budd homestead and spoke for a job. Dad Budd naturally broached the subject of wages. "Don't want none!" Jack replied. Dad engaged him on the spot. He indicated the wood-chop and set Jack cutting sticks for the fire.

Then Dad himself faded into the Far Blue Yonder to pluck care.

22 CAVALCADE, August, 1952

At about 10 o'clock, Mum Budd hospitably brought Jack a cup of tea. Jack sipped her and continued chopping viciously. Mum set the cup of tea on the ground and withdrew to the kitchen. About an hour later, she again entered into the yard. The cup of tea was still on the ground untouched, except for a faint layer of suds; but Jack had ceased chopping. He was sitting imploredly at the wood-chop. Mum Budd reluctantly inquired if anything was troubling him. "There's no wood," Jack snarled at her querulously. "What?" squeaked Mum Budd. "They're in the wood!" Jack repeated with some venom. "They'll never get out!" "What'll never get out?" brought Mum, retorting rapidly. "We讨er the Devil!" Jack croaked resentfully. "He's in the wood an' he'll never get out!"

With unconvincing presence of mind, Mum barricaded herself in the house. A long afternoon passed, broken only by Jack's ceaseless chopping and occasional screams when those of the Budd brood whom Mum had reluctantly banished outside the hut sought sanctuary down the chimney.

Finally, Dad Budd strolled back from his own plodding . . . to find his family in a state of rage and Jack still furiously chopping.

"I gotten nowt! We讨er the Devil, he'll never get out!" Jack exploded to Dad. And went on chopping.

It stands to Dad Budd's credit that he recognized Jack for what he was . . . A *Genius* Creek . . . in short, a *Man With A Cause*. And when it dawned on Dad that even if Jack's Cause consisted of a laird determination to assassinate his father the Devil, it also demanded a terrific amount of wood-chopping, he naturally malked his family and con-

tinued to employ Jack on the original wage-scale.

As there is no record of Creaky Jack ever having conspired and murdered his father the Devil for pay—or else, and as he never asked for a raise in wages and seemed content to live on a diet of tea gruel, it may be presumed that Dad's judgment had not been at fault.

Of course, the one-and-only Shakespear may be justly accused of some exasperation at the portrayal of Jack; but in Jack you have the quintessence of all "Bush Hitler." Not all of them, for example, had Jack's homicidal tendencies; their tastes in philosophy varied, but most of them were nearly as bad.

Especially I remember one whose Museus in Life was to demonstrate that the drinking of motherless spirits was both Wrong and Harmful. He stumbled unashamedly with tapers of the potent brew. With masterful rhetoric, he implored of them the evil which they were inflicting on both body and mind. He urged them to cast aside the heady cup and be reformed. All they had to do (he emphasized) was to construct a stove, wet sand, it reached half-way down their dinner plate; four drayons of mutton, wings and unpeeled; and set the resultant hell-brew sizzling on a slice of bread. By the method only, he persisted, would the noblest cause to suffer unpleasant heart-burnings after a collapse.

That man was undoubtedly a pitiful, five-star creek. He killed himself trying to prove his theories.

But don't let me run away with the error that Australia had a monopoly of "Creaks." Long before Australia was thought of England — to select just one country-nourished specimens who were really (and sometimes superbly) of the "Bush

Hitlers."

Take, for instance, one Harry Wilby, "The Hornet of Great Street," who prospered between 1822 and 1852.

When Harry was about 80 years old, an attempt was made to poison him in the night. After this accident, he had no difficulty in finding that even if mankind may be divided into tools and knowers, they are all potential hornets. It was therefore (Harry asserted) his plain duty to keep himself alive by staying well out of their reach.

This Harry made his Cause and he emphasized it so enthusiastically that he looked himself in his dwelling for 41 years, daily emerging only after a bout of labourous bed-ridden slumber to accumulate heaps of garbage to add to an overburden.

Then there was Master Bone Creek, who in the 17th Century crossed the yokes of Religious Creek to rape like carbuncle scurves. Master Creek raised his banner under the auspices of the "Men-Is-Malignant Association." He preached that "It was a sin against his body and soul to eat any kind of fish, flesh or living creature; or to drink any wine, ale or beer; his daily foods were roots and herbs, green, pickled and dried; he drink water his drinking-cup; his household expenses three-pence a week."

But why sacrifice? These were the "Creaks" in their splendour. Now they are gone and perhaps we shall not look upon their like again.

Unfortunately as it may be, the Genuine Creek is on the way out. And for what reason? Can it be that the world is breeding such a tangled undergrowth of puny "Creaks" that the Authentic Creek is smothered before he can fight his way through the jungle and gain his full measure?

It gives one furiously to think.



• Advice for Adolescent Adolescents: A diplomat is a man who always remembers a lady's birthday—and forgets her age. • That naturally resulting in that a diplomat's "approbation" is a transaction in which each party thinks that he is cheating the other one. • Which, of course, should be sufficient warning never to conduct an important interview without having a third person present—even if the only a diplomat. • Moreover, a diplomat has one tremendous threat in his favor—it doesn't take your mind off your few of chutzpah by reciting its name in the middle of a paragraph. • Section for Booklovers: To say you understand women is bad manners; to really understand them is bad morals. • Marriage is just a drug to some women; they take one dose after another. • Our Movie Man-About-Town reports blithely that you soon lose interest in reading a woman like a book when you learn that she belongs to a circulating library. • Corner for Caisers: According to Guy Stevengrapher: Who-Knows-All-The-Answers, it's much better to have a big bad wolf in front of the house than on the shiny bear behind. • And this, apparently, caused her to announce that her girl-friend stayed out all night, the other night, and returned with a train coat in her stocking a Purse for Puppets. A thing of beauty can pay off. • Many girls attain their ends by not taking enough exercise. • Sweeter girls are especially teachers—they walk like them as closely. • Distances Department: Teacher's form has drifting about asserting bitterly that she thought he was a sort of despot but has turned out to be a heel. • Which reminds us that a child psychologist is a fellow who can talk what to do with other people's children, but whose neighbours would like to tell him what to do with his own. • To a married man one of the mysteries of life is what the bachelors do with their money. • Sales Resistance: The triumph of mind over matter. • One of the things that cannot be preserved in alcohol is dignity. • Fritting in Calgary, Canada, an Indian was recently arrested on a charge of intoxication. His name was Carl Drunkardash. • A man, they say, is as old as he feels. • A woman, we might add, is as old as she feels like. • Admiring a Modern Life: Hurrying to get some place so you can hurry back. • The man who proposes on Sunday knows any native girl back on his feet. • Conversation Piece: Whoever named it would talk was a poor judge of quantity.

Our Short Story: An enterprising little boy rabbit and a tiny little girl rabbit get lost in the bush one night. Boy! . . . did they have a hair-raising experience though!

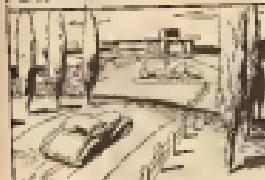
MATCH KING

A SNIFF OF MURDER

BY PHIL BEUBIN

AND SYDNEY COXON

MATCH KING LOOKS FOR
MURDERERS
KIDNAPPIED STEVE
WYATT JOINS INVESTIGATION
BY POLICE INVESTIGATOR



THE ALIENS AREET THE
TAKOOLIE GIRL REPORTER
NEARBY INVESTIGATOR

THESE GUYS TO BE A
LOVELY ZOO

YOU'LL FIND
MANY TO WRITE
ABOUT THIS PLACE



I HAD TO STAY HOME
FOR A FEW DAYS
TO WRITE UP THE LIVELY
Tales WITH WHICH
THIS IS ENTHRALLED.



MARIE ATTENDED
THE DANCE AND
WANTED TO GO HOME
LAST NIGHT.



ELLA WENT TO THE
DANCE AND ENJOYED
THE MUSIC AND
THE DANCERS.



YET AT DANCES THE
WEDDING ATTIRE IS
NOT USED AND FORMAL
DRESS IS FOR THE
DANCERS WHO ARE
ENCOURAGED BY LUXURY



DAISY THE DANCER
KNEW SHE WAS
A WEALTHY WOMAN
AND SO SHE DANCED
SITTING BECAUSE
SHE WAS SO WEALTHY.



AFTER WATCHING THE
DANCERS FOR A WHILE
HE SAW THAT SHE WAS
WEALTHY, THIS IS NOT
A HAPPY MARRIED WOMAN.



I THINK I'LL GO TO DANCE
TODAY. I DON'T
KNOW WHAT I WILL
WEAR.



I FEEL BETTER AFTER
THAT DANCE. I'M
GOING TO DANCE.



ELLA DANCED
TODAY. SHE
WANTS TO DANCE
TODAY.



MARIE DECIDES THAT
THE DANCE IS
NOT FOR HER.

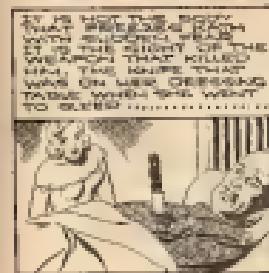
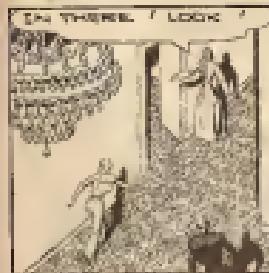
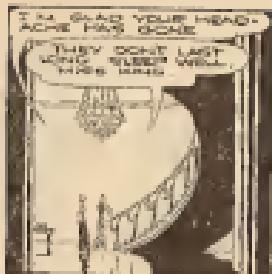


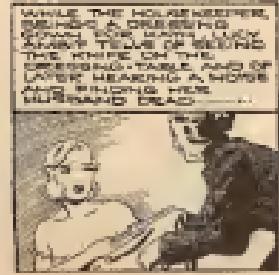
DON'T YOU LIKE TO DANCE
MOM? I'M A
DANCER.



MARIE IS SURPRISED AT
THE DANCE. SHE
THINKS IT'S A
WASTEFUL DANCE.









When she thought I was dragged,
she drew a plaque from her dress.

she was a petite pretty
engaging girl but as cru-
eling and vicious as a vixen

CHARLES E. SAYERS • FICTION

THE evening I was Anderson's guest lived in my memory for two reasons. The first was the uncanny disappearance of one of his jade treasures; the other, the startling beauty of Shing Ku-shih, the girl wife of Huang Tso-yan, his other guest.

Anderson is one of those withdrawn, dried-out types so common among men whose lives have been lived in Asia.

He has a faintly Chinese look about the eyes. And his long spare frame possesses a tenacity and patience that has yielded him a fortune from considerate enterprises.

Our paths had crossed occasionally in the outskirts of Chia-ki in the Thirty years. There were a few business deals in which somehow he always managed to get the short end of the bargain; though never by means that could be named unfair—just the result of an acute business sense and an Oriental gift of getting the best of it.

I visited from the shipping firm that had kept me tied to the outports just before Japan went to war in the Pacific.

Anderson stayed on, for he had business interests even in wartime western China. Throughout the war he sat down to watch his concerns in a luxuriant, many-potted Chinese-style villa in Yunnan-fu.

We made tracks again in London after the war at the Thatched House Club, that breakfast-pudding and pink gin resort of the old China hands in St. James Street.

We lunched together, talked deviously. His business interest, he told me, had been almost ruined.

"The white man's had it in China," he told me. "Under the Communists it will be a closed country for at least a generation. I got out with my ports still buttoned; but that's about all. (You remember Huang Kien-yeh?)"

"The jade merchant who had a shop in the Street of Heaven in Chungking? Why?"

a piece of true

J
A
D
E

these eastern books your Chink for that name, Mr. Anderson, you know the classic fable suspended by a thread? When that is struck it answers the full note of the sounding stone."

Anderson nodded. "Yes. But I have a more wonderful piece than that. Dal-jeu, it came from your father."

I thought I detected an eager look pass from Dal-jeu to his wife but I may have been mistaken."

"My father told me on the evening of the day he died that if ever I came to you, you would show me a piece of true jade. You mean the Sung pink jade plaque?" asked Dal-jeu.

"The most lovely piece of jade I have ever possessed or seen. You said it was true jade, Dal-jeu. Your father should have known, for it is listed in the seven hundred books of the Ku Yu Tzu Fu. Yes, Dal-jeu, the pink jade plaque from the collection of the last Sung emperor. It is this you wish to see?"

"It is that my father and you would show to me."

Shang Hsueh told Anderson as he rose from his chair and crossed the room to a transomed cedar chest.

"It is said amongst jade craftsmen of China that true jade cannot be counterfeited," he yawned.

"True jade cannot be counterfeited," Anderson agreed.

"Tell me, Dal-jeu, do you know how a counterfeit can be detected?"

"My father," said Dal-jeu, "never handled counterfeit jade."

Anderson smiled wryly. "The Sung pink jade plaque was the last gift of your father to me. A counterfeit can be detected by rubbing the piece with cotton saturated in alcohol. Perhaps you have already seen the plaque?"

Dal-jeu shook his head. "My father was grieved that I never studied jade; it was his desire that I should exceed him as China's greatest jade authority."

Anderson turned from the cedar chest, a blue leather case in his hands. "Instead you took a degree at an American university—engineering, wasn't it?"

"A madam Chink," Dal-jeu grappled, "must adopt herself. The needs of China demand that."

Anderson inserted a small silver key in the lock of the case. "A pity," he said, "that you never learned the tricks of the jade trade."

Dal-jeu snapped open a mother-of-pearl cigarette case. "Not as yet, but who knows? You will have a cigarette?"

Shang Hsueh leaned towards him. "It is a long time since you smoked Szechuan tobacco? This is Szechuan."

I took a cigarette and remarked, "Excellent smoking."

Anderson, too, took a cigarette, which Shang Hsueh also lit. Then he opened the leather case, drew from it a pink jade plaque, twelve inches high, twelve inches broad. It bore the figure of a Buddhist priest.

The Chinese girl set beside me, her hands clasped, eyes gleaming. Unconscious of me, she murmured: "It is the true piece."

Anderson poised the plaque in outstretched hands with the other he struck it a sharp blow with the thumb-nail.

Its colour shimmered; it rang like a carillon.

I drew hard on my cigarette; felt the pungency of the tobacco choke my lungs. In the arcs of the smoke that I exhaled, I imagined the figure of the Buddhist priest swelled towards me.

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I heard Andrews say: "My friend's son, at this the true job plaque made for the first Stooge almost a thousand years ago?" Your father gave it to me the night before he died. Did he tell you? Now you've come for it. A job to work without a flaw, he said it was. Do you know a sing, girl from the mahjong houses of Chengdu? Is that the true note of pain? Have you made out to be the true master?"

It all sounded very melodramatic. So did that which followed. A scurrying figure leaped from the chair. Fists, one-long, slender fingers, clenched for the pistol.

Andesener's lips quivered without sound, and his eyes were dull with a very light. Then, in my confused brain, there was registered a further picture of the plague being returned to Andesener, who was in another place?

I do not know, for my lungs were choked with mucus. It controlled my actions.

The next I knew I was strapped on a couch. Anderson was bending over me. The Fox stood nearby, a glass of water in his hand.

Andersen laughed. "Programs snacking? Truly named the dangerous oil the *pepper*."

I gestured towards the glass of water, gulped eagerly at it. My brain was clearer. I groaned. "The placebo?"

Andersen wanted a written
check. "Give with the Hwang—
if you will provide a pen. You know
why?"

"Vaguely. The cigarette was
burned!"

"Undoubtedly, my friend, with proper need. Then God willed you to stay here on the earth."

"It was the beauty of the people more than anything else made me do that. You've done nothing to get it back."

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"Should I? Let me tell you about it, if your health is clear now, A whisky would help!"

I shook my head. "You, if The Red can produce it, I know you are a girl of the Chengtu mission houses."

"A whom? Dai-jen is a fool. I shouldn't have got you into this, for I thought it would happen."

He poured himself a stiff sort of whisky and gulped it hurriedly.

"Old Huang Kien-yeh lived his only son almost as much as he loved his wife. But the son disappointed him, because he was a disreputable engineer, as you heard me tell. More, he contrasted an allusion with a step-sister girl in a Chengtu mission house—Shang Bi-shih. And he married her. I think she killed the old man, for that son-in-law's plague. But where can one get proof?"

"If that was it, she was disappointed—or thought she was. The night before Huang died he called me to his house. He asked me my price for taking some securities out of China—silver holdings, risky stuff in China in the last days of the Kuomintang, riskier to get out of the country. Huang knew it, and I knew it. Huang also knew the price I would ask—the park jobs plague. He gave it to me, only saying, 'One day, perhaps, my son will know the worth of true gold. Until then I give you this treasure.'

"Only a few days ago I found that the plague was a fraud."

"That is why you laughed when you said it had gone with the Huang?"

"Perhaps, my friend. I got warning of their intentions only when Dai-jen arrived in London a few days ago. I met him and his wife at their hotel, handed over the securities his father had entrusted to me. Shang Bi-shih mentioned the

WHEN CO-OPERATION FAILED

William Lane firmly believed in the brotherhood of man, but idealism alone is not enough . . .

Towards the end of the last century most progressive Australians were talking about the "New Australia" which was being formed in the South American state of Paraguay. "New Australia" started in Brasilia, a grand ideal . . . it finished in far-away Paraguay a bitter disillusionment.

William Lane, one of the most colourful characters in the colonial "era," was the author of the scheme. Lane, born in Brazil in 1861 emigrated to America at the age of 14, and after working in Canada and the United States, came to Australia to become a well-known figure in Tasmania, where he worked up a "colony" on the "Cavans."

Lane firmly believed in communal ownership and after deciding that such a thing was responsible under existing conditions, decided to set up his own welfare state.

He sent three experienced business men search of a suitable country and they recommended Paraguay, whose government offered a free grant of 450,000 acres of agricultural and grazing land.

The new society was to be based on the "co-operative ownership . . . communal among . . . managing . . . exploiting of the same . . . co-operation of any special religious creed."

In a short time \$30,000 was subscribed. The maximum for any male

member was \$60. Lane donated £1,000; others as much as \$400.

The first contingent sailed on the Royal Tar in 1893. But even on the trip the gloomy ideals of Lane became apparent. At Monte Video some of the passengers got drunk. By doing so they had already broken two promises that they would abstain from alcohol until the new colony was self-supporting, and that they would not retain money for their own use.

The rest of the story is a tragic account between Lane's undoubted sincerity against the weaknesses and backslidings of lesser men. In theory "New Australia" offered a paradise. In practice it was a flop.

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jade. There was, she said, a plaque they would like to see; was it not a matter of trust from Da-jen's father? I effected payment. The Sang plaque was not in my keeping; I told them, and I knew that was the truth when I said it. I had a plaque, yes, but that was a gift from Da-jen's father. Da-jen said they had seen a plaque like ours in the Sang masterpiece, which they believed his father had stolen to me.

"My friend, I have never been betrayed in a bargain by Oriental or Occidental. The abbé's references of Deligne and his girl showed me that they had the true piece, and that had been the price of my bargain with Hinsel.

"I invited them to dinner. You were a useful witness, or a fellow-spectator. For that my employer

"My friend, it must have been painful for Shang Yu-shih not. The wrenches of Scheuchzer are high-hammered, but Shang Yu-shih was determined to be a Shandow beauty. The opium cigarette dragged you out when you have seen that fat, obese, round—when she thought that I was too drowsy and drew the hand pliers from the bottom of her dress. It distorted arms when she fastened the bodice over my pleats.

"Dawson and his wife were booked by us for New York as madrasha. They're on the way now. At New York they will offer the plague to a convertor of jude. He is a very useful man. Even if I hadn't called him he would not the price for freed. It is a very simple test and never fails. Would you care to see the Gang plague that has not last come to us from old Russia?"

I shook my head and whispering
pleas had been enough for me.

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In a new country, far from war-torn Europe, Kopek kills another man. Then fate produces the human monster he had sworn to kill.

Kopek's Mistake

I HEARD that Kopek was working at a quarry outside the city. "Kopek?" said the pit supervisor. "Hm. I don't know where he learnt his trade, but he's the best powder-mixer we ever had. He'll be up in a minute or so."

I thanked him and walked over to where the big shovels crowded up out of the pit, casting a little to myself, for I knew where Kopek had learned to handle explosives.

Waiting at the ship platform I

thought about the last time I had seen Kopek. God! How many years ago was that? Eight? It seemed more like eighty.

We crossed in some kind of gondola, Kopek and I, on a barge above the Danube.

I was as nervous as a cat, and kept glancing from my wrist watch to the high steel arches of the railway bridge.

"Tch!" Kopek said. "Stop worrying, they will be on time. They always are—methodical swines!"

Even as he spoke I caught the distant whistle of a train, and it seemed only seconds before the locomotive was rushing on to the bridge. Through my field glasses I could see the packed troops passing the compartments. Suddenly smoke squirmed, the whole centre span buckled and swayed, dropping slowly away as the report of the explosion reached us.

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I turned away, sickened. Kopek was rubbing his hands. "Huh?" he chuckled. "Good, eh? No marks there?"

And that was the last time I saw Kopek. That night they started moving me through the underground rooms, and within a month I was in England with my unit.

Now, after all these years, here I was waiting for Kopek in the moorish surroundings of a suburban quarry outside Melbourne.

I dragged my ailed back as Kopek stepped off a slowly-rising step. I knew him at once, though the years had left their mark.

When the first warm greetings were done, "You're—changed, Kopek," I ventured.

"Huh?" he drugged. "What's life like these days? They were not kind to me in Herr Mueller's prison camp."

Slowly he glanced at his watch. "Wait!" he cried. "Come and watch." He led me to the edge of the excavation. As we watched, the great limestone face opposite cracked and split; dust rose and followed as a hundred tons of rock broke free the face.

Kopek's look of satisfaction edged the suspicion. "Huh, eh?" he murmured, eyes on the face.

"No mistake there," I finished for him, and we both laughed.

"Did you ever make a mistake, Kopek?" I asked as we stood our way back to the men's change room.

"Yes," he admitted slowly. "Yes, once. I'll tell you about it, but first food and wine. I know a place."

And knew a place he did. A place where the potato was a pea, and the chard high wheat.

As fast as a scaly marmalade with brandy, I slipped slowly and looked at Kopek. "About your mistake?" I prompted.

"Ah, yes," he responded. "You have heard of Frau Mueller?"

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"Wasn't he Kommander of a crew in East Prussia? He was one of the war criminals never caught, if I remember."

Kopak nodded. "Correct. I was his 'assistant' for almost two years. I used to lie awake at night planning what I would do to Mueller one day.

"Then the Russians came and I was free. But Mueller escaped. I was heartbroken. For two more years I wandered Europe searching, searching, a place here, a place there, but always I was too late. At last I heard he was dead."

"In Vienna there was a woman, Katrin. She brought me a place. It was she who suggested Australia. She would wait till I met for her, she said. She waits still, and now it will not be long, I have the honest employment and the money saved."

The thought of Kopak as a married workman was rather startling, and I said so. Kopak smiled gently.

"I was not always so," he admitted. "In Berlin I had a position that was not honest. My shifty way of explanation became known. I was approached. There was not much to do: a simple bomb to爆破, a note to burn the front of a rival's house to be removed . . .

"My employer I saw but once, and that at the termination of employment. All my orders came through intermediaries, I was not very important.

"There was a visit to my room, a man named Bergmann, who had grown too powerful to be ignored. He had to be taken into partnership or removed.

Bergmann was to meet my boss at the latter's home, a big old house on the North Shore, set deep in its own grounds and reached by a long paved drive. They were supposed to discuss ways and means of continuing their business, but, while the conference was on, there were outside

simple things that I had to do with a few sticks of dynamite and the intention of Bergmann's car.

"I went out to the house in the evening with Kopak, the man who usually brought my instructions. We sat drinking beer in the library, from the windows of which we could see the drive and the entrance porch. Soon a big man Danner drove up. 'Kopak wait over to the window. There is the Boss,' he told him. I was anxious to see that man. I worked for, as I called Kopak at the window."

"By God! I tell you it was Mueller!

"For a moment I thought I was going mad. I shut my eyes tight, then looked again. True! It was the Herr Kommander in person.

"Imagine my fright if you can. I didn't know how I controlled myself. I was shocked, stunned.

"Suddenly I felt Kopak's hand on my shoulder. 'Here comes Bergmann!' he hissed. I had time only to see a second Danner, the roof of the first except that it was painted

grey, pull into the entrance, then Kopak whisked me from the room.

"The grey car," Kopak remarked softly as he let me into the garden through a side door. I nodded, my hand still shaking.

"In five minutes it was finished: a wire disconnected here, another reconnected there, the telephone disconnected and set, and then I was back in the shadow, waiting.

"'Good! Well! It was a freely expressed! There was not a single window left in that house, I bet you. And as for the circuit, a letter would not have made a nail of the receiver. I could have made a piece of driven metal that fell over me . . ."

"**QUEENSLAND**!" I exclaimed. "Now, look here, Kopak, you've got to tell me if you enjoyed the craft!"

Kopak struggled expressively. "Why not? I was not myself, remember. I had had a severe shock." He looked at me innocently—then he chuckled.

"Besides," he responded cynically, "all men are grey in the dark."

QUEENSLAND	
COLUMBIA	
EDITION	
1952	
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Talking Points

MERRY MARY . . .

In "To Love and to Lose," cross subjects, you will meet as clever and wicked a villainess as we have heard of in many a day. Jack Manning, always on the trail of interesting shad-dowers for CAVALCADE readers, introduces you to the fabulism Mary Medina. Few have devoted their lives to nefarious occupations so whole-heartrily—or with such wit, enterprise and courage—as this pretty little maid of old London. Murder was about the only occupation to which she did not turn her practiced hand. Gouging, robbery, fake pretensions, blackmail, burglary, pick-pocketing and burglary were all easy to her when it came to emptying the purses of gallible males. Where all this led her, you can find out for yourself on page 12.

MAKE BELIEVE KING . . .

Orville Antoine Troncet was an onboard of French lawyer who—with nothing but his own fanboyed self-confidence, daring and gushing instinct—set out alone to win an orange in the heart of the Andes. How he succeeded in convincing the wild and warlike Amazonian Indians that he was the white long hair legends told would mystify and lead them to glory makes him one of history's most fantastic adventurers. In "White King of the Red Men" (page 30) John Adams tells you the full story.

THE RAINS CANE . . .

The disastrous floods with which Australia has been plagued in recent

years have inspired two of our writers this month. Aclot Yeronga presents a fine feature, "Floods Were Floods in '94" and Wil' Wildfire comes up with a nice fiction piece, "Woodbent With Bass." It seems a pity that—so far—happened so often in the past—now the danger has temporarily passed, people are no longer demanding positive flood prevention and control action. Generations of Governments have been faced with the problem. Yet, by all accounts of what is being done about it, they'll still be facing them generations from now.

STOCKMAN'S THIRD ARM . . .

What the lasso is to the cowboy, and the lube to the gunner, the planted hide whip is to the Australian stockman. Beverly Longworth Lee (page 60) gives an up-to-the-minute survey of the whipping craft which, strangely and lamentably, is dying out.

MEAT MONTH . . .

In CAVALCADE next month you can look forward to the same unique and unusual features and fiction from Australia's topless magazine writers. For strenuous adventure in exotic far places, there will be "Burma Blood Bath" by Ted Jones, "South Seas Mountain" by well-known Brisbane journalist, Clem Lock, and "Sword of Manners" by Cedric Montfort. Sport fans are well catered for with "When the Feather Fly," an authoritative survey of modern rock climbing by S. G. Elvert. Ossie Casey and Frank Greenup complete the serving with characteristic fiction stories.

